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PERIODICAL DIV.

# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1902

## WINTER ON THE RIO GRANDE

*OVER the gray waste of the chaparral —  
Sight-wearying miles of hopeless barrenness,  
Red sands hurled by red floods a thousand leagues,*

*Dry shrubs which leafless wait the laggard rain,  
Weird shapes of cactus fenced with jealous thorn —  
The quick night falls, and all is wan and still.*

*The basty sun has left no warmth behind ;  
And the north wind, that all day vexed the copse,  
Dying has sent his icy breath afar.*

*But night, nor chill, nor barrenness, nor death,  
Can stanch that fountain of pure melody,  
Of life, of warmth, of good, the mocking-bird.*

*From his low perch, as from a regal throne,  
He pours upon the desert's sullen head  
The holy baptism of a perfect song,*

*Like waters crystalline, like unguent rare,  
The bubbling notes slip downward, overflow —  
A flood of love upon a loveless place.*

*Forwandered there, and sad, I heard the song,  
Blithe, joyous, prodigal, and pondered much,  
With avaricious Judas : Why this waste ?*

*Clear as the star of Hesperus hanging fair,  
And soft with that love which nightly lights her smile,  
Trilled there an answer through that vesper hymn :*

*" Is it a waste, then, where all else is waste ?  
Say rather here is profit since the need  
Is bitter. Vernal groves, rich with young life,*

*" Shall wake to music oriole, linnet, wren.  
My song awaits no wooing breath of spring ;  
I sing in winter, sing in darkness -- yea, in death ! "*

Rev. George B. Winton, D. D.  
Editor Christian Advocate, Nashville

# The ATLANTIC MONTHLY 1903

Loyal to its brilliant past

In touch with present conditions

## HIS DAUGHTER FIRST

By ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.  
Author of "But Yet a Woman."

The chief *Atlantic* serial of the year exhibits to the full the fine narrative genius of our present Minister to Spain. Its plot turns upon the love entanglements in a New Hampshire house-party and the complication of the New York money market. Mr. Hardy has never created more attractive characters, or presented a truer picture of contemporary life.

## DAPHNE

An Autumn Pastoral  
By MARGARET SHERWOOD.

Author of "Henry Worthington, Idealist."

Against a mellow Italian background the love story of a sensitive American girl and a mysterious pagan person is very attractively presented. It is told with so intimate a sense of the genial pagan spirit that it is fit to rank with such classics as Walter Pater's "Apollo in Picardy."

## LIFE OF THE AMERICAN CITIZEN

Current Experience and Character of the American of Today.

The *Atlantic* will print a group of papers, describing, from fresh points of view, the influence of our present civilization and social surroundings upon the life of the "average man." Institutions as varied as the School, the Church, and the Stock Exchange, professions as far apart as the Law and the Trained Nurse, will be discussed by competent writers. The first of these articles will be **THE SCHOOL**, by President Eliot of Harvard.

## MY OWN STORY

JOHN T. TROWBRIDGE, one of the surviving contributors to the first number of the *Atlantic*, has written his autobiography under the felicitous title of "My Own Story." This gifted and prolific writer has led a life quite as attractive as his most stirring narratives.

## SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, the eminent essayist, formerly editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, is expected to contribute a group of reminiscence papers, dealing with English men of letters during the last half-century.

*Among other contributors to the Atlantic for the coming year are:*

E. W. HORNUNG  
FLORENCE WILKINSON  
M. A. DEW. HOWE  
WM. G. BROWN  
JACK LONDON

FRANCIS GRIERSON  
GOLDWIN SMITH  
GUY W. CARRYL  
F. J. TURNER

ANNIE FIELDS  
CHARLES M. SKINNER  
HARRIET P. SPOFFORD  
AGNES REPLIER

ARTHUR T. HADLEY  
ALICE MEYNELL  
R. E. YOUNG  
MARTHA B. DUNN  
S. M. CR. THERS

## SPECIAL OFFER

On receipt of 50 cents the publishers will send the *ATLANTIC* for three months to any new subscriber. Prospectus for 1903 on application. Upon request, to all new yearly subscribers for 1903, the November and December issues will be mailed free of charge. 35 cents a copy; \$4.00 a year.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston, Mass.

## The Editor's Song

How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber,  
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year.  
Who lays down two fifty, and offers it gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer!

Who never says, "Stop it, I cannot afford it!"  
Or "I'm getting more papers than I can read."  
But always says, "Send it, the family all like it—  
In fact, we think it a household need."

How welcome he is when he steps in the sanctum!  
How he makes our hearts throb! How he makes our eyes dance!  
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him—  
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

— Selected.

## Not Yet

A GOOD story (with a moral — if one wants to attach a lesson thereto) is being told of Bishop Potter. When the Bishop was on his way around the world he reached in due course the port of Manila, where he was confronted with a list of some thirty questions to answer, propounded by the examiner of passports. The Bishop gravely wrote out his name, age, occupation, and other items of information regarding himself and his designs. To the question, "Have you any opium?" he replied, "No!" But the last question was a more serious matter. "Must I answer this one, too?" he asked of the examiner. The latter nodded af-

firmatively, whereupon the Bishop wrote in the space opposite the interrogation, "Are you a polygamist?" the two words, "Not yet!" The good Bishop unwittingly perhaps spoke for the rest of decent Americans. We are not Mormons — yet (Apostle Smoot and others take notice); we are not pagan Greeks — yet; we are not abandoned voluptuaries — yet; we are not sordid suffrage-sellers — yet, nor ever will be. America is by no means ideal, but, thank God, we have as a people been saved from many forms of sin — sins which, we trust, we never yet will commit!

## Splendid Giving

GR EAT giving seems to be the order of the day in our Methodism in many parts of the country. As an illustration of this fact, we note with much gratification that at the anniversary dinner of the Seney Hospital of Brooklyn, held last week, William Halls, Jr., vice-president of the Hanover National Bank, and also vice-president of the board of managers of the Hospital, made this very generous proposition: "If by June 1, 1903, the sum of \$50,000 is raised in *bona fide* subscriptions, payable in a reasonable time after that date, to cover the building debt, the current expenses deficiency, and provide, say, \$15,000 on account of 1903 expenses to obviate a deficiency that year, and bring the endowment fund up to at least \$850,000, my wife and I will complete the buildings and grounds up to a cost of \$125,000." Dr. A. S. Kavanagh, the superintendent, said afterward that the \$500,000 necessary to meet Mr. Halls' proposition would be forthcoming. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, pastor of Central Congregational Church, pledged his

support, and by a rising vote Mr. Halls' offer was accepted.

## Refreshing Effrontery

ACCORDING to the *Union Signal*, a brewer in Ohio, in view of a coming election in his town to test the right of saloons to flourish there, has made a plea to the community not to "take from him his support" in his advancing age. This is refreshing effrontery. As well might a man who was raised above the ground by virtue of his standing and stamping on a struggling crowd of panic-stricken humanity beneath him demand that his "support," in the shape of bruised and bleeding human forms, be not removed, lest he himself have to descend a little. No man has a right to a "support" that is supplied through the want and the woe, the sighs and the tears, of others.

## "Boy Long Lost"

ONE of the daily papers recently contained an article headed, "Boy Long Lost." It referred to the case of a boy of sixteen who has been missing from home since August 4, greatly to the distress of his parents, who earnestly desire his return. There are a good many boys in the world who have been long lost. Some of them are boys like the stray lad of whom Jesus told in the 15th of Luke. Others of them, comfortable in their snug pharisaism, are lost at home, like the older youth in the parable. All alike are greatly mourned by their Heavenly Father, who wonders when they will return, and who is planning how to get them back. Come back, boys, you long lost laddies, you're wanted at home!



# Zion's Herald

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## Zion's Herald

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor  
GEORGE E. WHITAKER, Publisher  
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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

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### Irish Land Conference

THE very significant announcement comes across the Atlantic that representatives of the Irish landlords and tenants will meet in Dublin soon to discuss the land question, and, if possible, agree upon a basis of settlement. Lord Dunraven, the Earl of Mayo, and Colonel Everard will appear for the land-owners, and John Redmond, William O'Brien, Thomas Russell, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin for the tenants. If these gentlemen will face the situation squarely, it will be an easy matter for them to settle the Irish question for all time. There will be no trouble with the men who represent the tenants on this score, and probably none with representatives of the landlords, as the sale of the land to the tenants is now regarded as the only solution of the perennial troubles between England and Ireland. Chief Secretary Wyndham for Ireland recently remarked: "I believe the end will come in one year. I believe I will hold the place of an honest broker between the tenants, the landlords, and the taxpayers of this country." Hitherto the landlords have refused to confer with the tenants, but the pressure of the government has become too strong for them to resist it much longer.

### Independent Church in the Philippines

HERE is a bare possibility that the Independent Church movement, which was inaugurated some time ago by "Archbishop" Aglipay, who was a conspicuous insurgent leader, may cause both the Roman Catholics and the civil government considerable trouble. Aglipay continues to gather followers. At one of his recent services 3,000 persons were present, and at the elevation of the Host two bands played the "Star Spangled Banner." The principal demand of Aglipay is that the government eject the priests and turn the churches over to their numerical majorities. Changes of doctrine are also under consideration, and it may be that the Independent Church will establish a married priesthood and abolish purgatory. So many Filipinos

are dissatisfied with the Roman Catholic Church that it would not be remarkable if the new movement should win a large number of adherents, especially if the leaders do not go too far in their zeal and become liable to arrest for sedition.

### Million Dollars for "Local Option"

QUITE a number of anti-saloon crusaders are gradually accepting the view that the strongest argument against the saloon is the "economic argument." The saloon is a tremendous financial burden to the taxpayer. When the individual is made to feel keenly (as in the case of the coal strike) that his personal pocketbook, welfare, and convenience are at stake, then he will be willing to disregard party lines and vote the saloon out of existence. Likewise if a big financial prize is to be gained by voting "no license," it will have more influence with the average voter than the "moral argument" which is quite generally employed. This way of looking at the situation was most signally illustrated in a no-license contest recently in Collinwood, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio, ten miles out from the city, at which point the shops of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad are located. Improvements amounting to \$2,000,000 are being made by this corporation. Before the election the company announced that it would invest an additional \$1,000,000 in homes, which would be sold to employees at cost, if the saloons were driven out of the suburb. The dram-shops were strongly intrenched, but the prospect of the additional investment greatly increased the ranks of the no-license advocates, and after a most exciting campaign they carried the election by a small majority. Women were very conspicuous and strikingly influential in making votes against the saloon. While the railroad company was actuated by motives of self-interest, it at the same time emphasized the fact — which is being widely recognized — that the sober man is worth more in the industries than the drinker, and that therefore it is to the financial interest of the managers of the industries to put a premium on sobriety.

### Opening Abyssinia

ABYSSINIA, with its treasures of gold and valuable commodities of trade, has long been difficult of access, partly because the Negus, fearing the contact of his people with the adventurers of modern civilization, wishes to employ the wisest means in exploiting the mines, and for the further reason that the country is separated from the sea by a desert which is crossed with much danger by a caravan. The cost of transport by this method is \$193 a ton. Some time

ago the Negus decided to construct a railroad from the French port of Djibuti on the Gulf of Aden inland to Addis-Ababa, which will enable traders to cross the desert in twenty-four hours. This railroad will give the French an open route into a region which produces coffee, rubber, cotton and spices, and gives to some of its products four harvests a year. American manufacturers of cotton goods have invaded this market with a cottonade, very beautiful and solid, but without a fixed price, which is exchanged for gold, ivory or coffee. This trade aggregates \$3,200,000 a year, while the sales from English manufacturers amount to less than a million dollars annually. Abyssinian commerce is regarded as of so much importance that the English have recently arranged by treaty for a strip of territory near Itang, on the river Baro, as a commercial station, and the right to construct a railroad from the Soudan through Abyssinia to Uganda. While this railroad may in time become a link in the Cape-to-Cairo line, the primary object of its construction is to give British traders a better opportunity in Abyssinia.

### Government Dietary Experiments

TWENTY-FOUR heroic young men have laid themselves upon the altar of science in the bureau of chemistry, Department of Agriculture, in response to the call of Dr. Wiley, superintendent of the bureau, for the purpose of determining by actual experiments now in progress the effect produced upon the physical organism by the various chemicals used in the adulteration or preservation of commercial foods. The tests will extend over a period of six months, but will not interfere appreciably with the regular occupations of the subjects, unless they should become ill, in which case they would receive special medical attention from Dr. Wiley. Alcoholic liquors are prohibited, and tobacco must not be used excessively. The twenty-four young men have been divided into three classes of six, each of which will be taken through the same course of treatment in succession. Each man will be weighed every morning. For the first six to ten days they will be fed on analyzed food containing none of the adulterants. Then the class goes to the "observation table," where the fare to be furnished will contain the chemicals used in commercial foods, such as salicylic acid, borax, boracic acid, sulphites and sulphuric acid, benzoic acid and benzoic acid, saccharin, formaldehyde, alcohol, pyroligneous acid, nitrate of potash, chlorine, formic acid and the fluorides. All the food is to be prepared with mathematical exactness, and during the ten days at this table the doctor will determine by chemical analysis precisely what effects have

been wrought by the added ingredients. After the experimental stage the men will be fed for a month on the very best food the market affords without any supervision whatsoever, for the purpose of overcoming any derangements that they may have suffered. To secure the best results the experiments will be repeated with the same subjects during the six months. While the young men are being treated in the dining-room the doctor will have portions of the same substances fed to a cage full of dogs and guinea pigs in another room. He will also take his meals at the second table where the "best of everything" will be served, and will add to the relaxation of the young men by reciting original poetry and telling stories, in both of which accomplishments he is said to be an expert.

#### Verdict Against a Labor Union

A RECENT verdict against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England, in the King's Bench division of the High Court of Justice in London, will do much to curtail the tyrannical power of all such organizations in that country. In August of 1900 the Society inaugurated a strike on the Taff Vale railway, which was maintained by intimidation, picketing, and the breaking of contracts. The union men have a reserve fund of \$1,250,000 invested in bonds, the income of which was used to induce unwilling railway employees to quit work. After the settlement of the difficulty the company instituted a suit for damages against the union. In the earlier stages of the litigation the argument centered on the question of a union's liability for injuries resulting from the strike, and the matter was carried up to the legal members of the House of Lords. These eminent gentlemen made the important ruling: "A labor union can sue for wrongs committed for or against it" as if it were a corporate body. The union officials contended that they were not liable for acts of violence which they had not ordered, but the jury refused to take that view of the matter and awarded damages in the sum of \$140,000 without leaving the jury box.

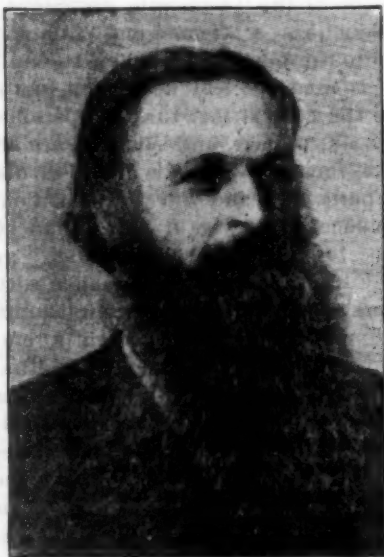
#### Anti-Trust Measures

THE House has unanimously voted to appropriate \$500,000 for the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust law, and Senator Hoar has given notice in the Senate that he will introduce an anti-trust measure at an early date. Considerable surprise was occasioned by the precipitate action of the venerable Senator. There is a tendency in some quarters to regard his coming bill as an administration measure, as he has recently been in conference with both the President and Attorney General Knox. Senator Hoar preserves absolute silence as to the nature and effect of his bill. The sole leading disclosure is that wherever the present law fails to give the attorney general sufficient authority, it should be reinforced. An avalanche of undigested anti-trust bills will be headed off and much valuable time saved by the action of Senator Hoar, who, by virtue of his eminent ability, long service on the judiciary committee and confidential relations with the Administration, on this

subject, will be able to present a measure that will command the respectful consideration of Congress.

#### Dr. Lorenz in Boston

A TYPICAL Viking, six feet two inches tall, erect, lean, and muscular, with long, blond beard and well-kept hair touched with gray, strong sensitive mouth, shapely nose, large gray eyes and very expressive countenance—such is the appearance of Dr. Adolf Lorenz, the great Vienna surgeon, who, after having an enthusiastic vogue in New York, Chicago and elsewhere, is now giving demonstrations of his skill in Boston. His genuine ability, perfect frankness in acknowledging his own mistakes, and keen sympathy with the suffering everywhere, have won for him the unreserved appreciation of his medical colleagues as well as the gratitude of the general public. Not only



DR. LORENZ

have numerous little cripples been completely restored, but many surgeons who have witnessed the operations have obtained knowledge and inspiration which will enable them to greatly extend the benefits of bloodless surgery. The general interest awakened by Dr. Lorenz is instanced by the zeal of a mother in New York who was determined to have her child cured by this doctor. She persistently and pathetically besieged the officials of the hospital where the operations were about to be performed, and, although repeatedly turned away, she kept on asking until finally her request was granted. This particular operation is thus described:

"The fourth and last operation of the clinic was upon Annie Roth, four and a half years old, for club feet. She was shown to the audience before treatment, and presented the distressing spectacle of an otherwise normal and beautiful child with misshapen stumps of feet, both turned over on what should be their outer sides and pointing inward, so that in walking one would have to be lifted over the other. Professor Lorenz took the left foot, and his assistant, Dr. Muller, the right. They began by tearing the muscles and ligaments by bending the feet over wooden blocks, and, considering the amount of strength required in this operation, it was difficult to realize that the bones as well as the flesh had not been macerated. When it was finished the poor little feet were as

plastic as lumps of clay in the hands of the potter. In this condition they were molded into the normal shape and looked much like those of a child which had never known deformity. Still unconscious from the chloroform, she was made to stand upon the operating table for a moment, held up by the strong arm and gentle hands of the great surgeon, showing that she rested on the soles of both feet and that the toes pointed as they should. At this demonstration the applause was enthusiastic. The feet were then incased in the plaster bandages, and the little one was sent away with a very good chance of being able to run about like other children in a few weeks."

#### Wireless Messages Across Atlantic

MARCONI established wireless telegraphic communication between Cape Breton, Canada, and Cornwall, England, on Dec. 21. Inauguratory messages (including one from the governor general of Canada to King Edward) were transmitted and forwarded to the kings of England and Italy. A message was also sent to the *London Times* in the presence of the special correspondent of that paper, Dr. Parkin, of Toronto. On the same date the *Times* acknowledged the receipt of the message, and the fact was cabled at once to the press of the United States.

#### Venezuelan Controversy

THE European Powers engaged in the blockading of Venezuelan ports have asked President Roosevelt to serve as arbitrator of the controversy, and at this writing he still has the matter under consideration. President Castro is also in favor of submitting the matter to Roosevelt. On the contrary, the President is trying to persuade Great Britain and Germany to take the case before The Hague tribunal, but Emperor William indicates very plainly that he is disinclined to do so. The blockade is still in force, but the crisis seems to have been passed and a plan for a peaceful adjustment will probably be agreed upon in a few days.

#### The Coal Situation

IN view of the fact that coal is coming to New England ports very slowly, Congressman McCall has introduced a bill in the House providing for the temporary suspension of the coastwise navigation laws, so tramp steamers, now excluded, may be allowed to handle coal. A storm of protest has been raised by shipping men and the coal-dealers, who say that there are plenty of American vessels to carry all the coal that can be obtained from the operators. As we go to press a strong sentiment both for and against the bill is being developed in all New England cities, also in New York.

#### Growth of Railway Monopolies

ACCORDING to the findings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, as expressed in its annual report, the American public is facing a new and menacing problem in the steady growth of railway monopolies. Competition is being gradually eliminated by the merging of railway properties. In view of the rates established by combination, attended as they are by substantial advances in the charges on many articles of house-



hold necessity, the commission regards this matter as exceedingly grave, and emphasizes its conviction that the safeguards required for the protection of the public will not be provided until the interstate commerce statute is revised. The principal weakness of the present law is that it does not give the commission power to enforce its findings, the design evidently being to rely upon the courts for any legal action that may be taken. About all that it can do now is to gather information about freight rates and give it to the public. The commission now asks for a statute which will not only compel the common carriers to maintain the published tariff, but which will force them to publish a fair and reasonable rate.

### "THE GREAT SUPPER"

#### Hymn III, L. M., Invitation

Tradition says this is the hymn that Rev. Jesse Lee sang under the "Old Elm" on Boston Common in 1790, to collect a congregation. I have copied it from the official book of his time — "A Pocket Hymn Book, Designed as a Constant Companion for the Pious." The original, containing twenty-four stanzas, is Charles Wesley's rhymed version of "The Great Supper" (Luke 14: 16-24). It first appeared in "Redemption Hymns," 1747.

CHARLES S. NUTTER.

St. Albans, Vt.

Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;  
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;  
Ye need not one be left behind;  
For God hath bidden all mankind.

Sent by my Lord, on you I call;  
The invitation is to all;  
Come all the world! come, sinner, thou!  
All things in Christ are ready now.

Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,  
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

My message as from God receive;  
Ye all may come to Christ and live;  
O let his love your hearts constrain,  
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

His love is mighty to compel;  
His conqu'ring love consent to feel;  
Yield to his love's resistless power,  
And fight against your God no more.

See him set forth before your eyes,  
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And freely now be sav'd by grace!

This is the time; no more delay!  
This is the acceptable day:  
Come in, this moment, at his call,  
And live for him who dy'd for all!

### PENNSYLVANIA LETTER

#### "KEYSTONE."

PENNSYLVANIA was in evidence among the delegates at the Cleveland Missionary Convention, not on the platform or program, however, Bishop Foss excepted, for it seems that men are carefully and wisely taken from Conferences whose contributions to missions are conspicuously less than their respective apportionments, to advise others how to do it. Its name was heard a goodly number of times when the pledges were announced, one Conference (Erie) having every district on the list. The Methodists of this great State, though not as numerous as the Methodist population of other commonwealths, give more than one seventh of all

the missionary money contributed through the Conferences. The last report, just at hand, shows that three Conferences in this State which of all in the connection contribute the largest amounts (Philadelphia coming first with \$53,984.46; next Central Pennsylvania's \$50,937.54; then Pittsburg's \$42,081.78), bring to the treasury almost one-ninth of all the Conference offerings. Pittsburg has the distinction of making the largest increase in the year — \$5,579.48. Its excess over apportionment is \$1,281.78. The excess of Central Pennsylvania is \$7,737.74.

Having overridden the expressed will of the people in the selection of a gubernatorial candidate for the Republican Party, it was easy for the Big Boss, with his resources of State and Federal patronage and by his methods, which are *sui generis*, to bring about the returns that would elect his cousin chief executive of the Keystone State. Quay controls the three cities of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Allegheny. With them he decides all elections as his will determines. Outside of Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties, the State has gone decisively against him in the last two elections. Had Quay been unable to bring up from those two counties the returns in the State treasurer election to a plurality of 51,925, his subservient tool could not have been elected, for his plurality was only 45,570. What are his methods? He alone knows; but the results inform the nation that they are very effective and equally un-American. Allegheny's vote for Governor in 1898 by all parties was 77,024; this year the returns make it 113,152! Philadelphia County's vote in 1898 was 192,785; this year it is officially reported to be 244,142! In the metropolis of our State where the "machine" runs the wards, the returns are both a study and a revelation of ballot-box stuffing. No corresponding loss in the vote for the other parties can be noted. One ward that gave McKinley 1,987, returns 5,173 for Pennypacker; another piles up McKinley's 3,600 to 6,290 for the man that pronounced Quay greater than Clay and Webster. The third and fourth wards more than doubled the presidential vote, from 3,445 to 7,129! Without the padded plurality of 148,641 from Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties, Pennypacker's plurality of 142,330 would not have been possible. Reliable papers declare that 60,000 illegal votes were cast in Philadelphia. The people vote, and the "machine" brings in the returns according to the peculiar exigencies!

The census bureau has given out figures on the woolen industry which are of interest to the Bay State as well as to this commonwealth. In the census year 1900 there were in our country 2,653 woolen establishments. The total value of products from Massachusetts was \$81,041,537. In 1890 Pennsylvania was first; in 1900 she follows Massachusetts with \$71,878,603.

Vacation schools were opened last summer in Philadelphia, their capacity being taxed. Three thousand scholars were in attendance. The appropriation will be doubled for 1903. In the success of the experiment the establishment of such schools throughout the city is assured.

The General Committee on Church Extension began in Philadelphia, Wednesday, Nov. 5, the annual meeting, which closed Saturday morning. At noon on Thursday the members of the committee were given a royal reception by Mr. Charles Scott and his daughter Elizabeth at their residence. The large hospitality of that home was highly appreciated and fully enjoyed. Mr.

Scott was a lay member in the General Conference of 1900.

The 45th annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers was held in Philadelphia, Oct. 11-14. Ten Annual Conferences were represented by 85 preachers. To succeed the late T. C. Reade, D. D., president of Taylor University, no one was selected, Prof. J. H. Shilling continuing as acting president.

In Williamsport convened on Thursday, Oct. 9, the General Conference of the Evangelical Association. It sat until Tuesday, Oct. 21. Ten domestic and one foreign Conference having 501 itinerant and 214 local preachers were represented in this body by 86 delegates. Several changes of importance in discipline were reported to have been lost by the vote of the members of the Annual Conferences. Their two Bishops having served the limit of two successive terms of four years, returned to the active traveling ranks. Their successors are Henry Burns Hartzell, D. D., who was for many years editor of the *Evangelical*, and William F. Hell, taken from the pastorate of a large church in Allentown, Pa. The seat of the next session was fixed at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The shortest session of the Pittsburg Conference was held, Oct. 9-13, by Bishop Fitzgerald, who announced the appointments at noon of the fourth day. Three new men were made elders. While inexperienced in the duties of this office, they are men of ability and prominence. Without controversy the most conspicuous success of the year has been achieved at Smithfield Street, otherwise known as "Brimstone Corner." This is, in fact, a down-town church, surrounded by great business houses and large buildings. Yet under the master hand of Dr. W. H. W. Rees, formerly connected with the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, it has enjoyed remarkable prosperity. Its League has an average attendance of 250. During the year 130 accessions have been made to this "mother church." The plate offerings for current expenses in his first year now closed, exceeded \$1,950. This is scarcely equaled anywhere.

The State intercollegiate debate was held at Mount Gretna. Our Dickinson College was represented by George Edward Reed, Jr., who was awarded the third prize. His name indicates who he is — the son of the president of the college, who is widely known throughout New England. The eye of the entire country has been on him in the last four years because of his espousal of the Quay machine from which he has recently — within a fortnight of the election — revolted. Accompanying his declaration was his resignation as State librarian, to go into effect upon the appointment of his successor, whom Governor Stone will permit the incoming executive to name.

In the resumption of mining there is general rejoicing, not only in the anthracite section, but throughout the entire State. It is true that the miners are again at work, but the strike is not yet settled. From private and trustworthy advices the danger of a renewal of the strike is not remote. Whatever the decision of the Commission, now hearing testimony, the contention for the recognition of the Miners' Union is paramount to every other vital issue between the operators and the miners. This information comes from settled residents in that territory, who are conversant with all the conditions and the present situation and attitude of the men.

## TIME-BITS

THERE is one thing that is not mixed in the alembic of the chemist, made in the workshops of the manufacturer, or buyable on the exchanges—and that is time. Time is a limited commodity—just so much of it is allotted to each man, be he rich or poor. The limit may not be known by each particular man in his own case, but it is set down in the thought of God. We seem to have more time because we divide it up with our flower-decked calendars into so many little time-bits, which we call days and minutes. Our mechanical measures for time are not very exact after all. The common year does not quite overtake the astronomical year—we are obliged to leap and lump things every once in a while. We are but rough arithmeticians after all. No astronomer or philosopher has ever yet told us precisely what time is, much less eternity—which last some poor fools think is simply the negation or cessation of time. Time is for us mortals about as indistinguishable in its component parts as the drops of water which flow together to form the ocean. Practically time is opportunity, potentiality, probation. Use time well, even if you do not know exactly what you are using. Each day is a sort of little condensed eternity; each moment is a pivotal-point on which swing momentous destinies. Measure time as best you may with your artistic calendar, but in any wise build it into the fibre of your soul and the structure of your character.

## TRAVELING TO ETERNITY

EVEN to the most successful lives lived here below there pertains something of the notion of incompleteness. There is marked across all things here below the inscription: "In an unfinished state." Over in London, in the fashionable Hyde Park district, stands a palatial mansion belonging to Lord Rothschild, who is said to be the richest man in the world. Yet from an architectural point of view the building seems marred and mutilated. The end of one of the cornices is unfinished. What, could not the richest man in the world afford to pay for that cornice, or is the lack due simply to carelessness? The explanation is a very simple yet suggestive one when it is known. Lord Rothschild is an orthodox Jew, and every pious Jew's house, tradition says, must have some part unfinished, to bear testimony to the world that its occupant is only, like Father Abraham, a pilgrim and a stranger upon earth. The incomplete cornice on the Rothschild mansion seems to say to all who hurry by in the streets, bent on amassing worldly wealth or going along with the madding crowd in the paths of folly: "This is not Lord Rothschild's home. He is traveling to eternity!" Christians, when they can build at all, build up every wall and pillar and cornice complete and symmetrical; yet they, too, whether they employ the symbolism of Judaism or not, inhabit homes that are transitory, are engaged in tasks that are prophetic of the richer consummations of the world to come. Remember the Jew's unfinished cornice! Remember you are journeying to

eternity! Bear in mind the legend Dean Stanley wrote as an inscription for his own last resting-place: "The inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem!"

## THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

THIS earth is the original "old camp-ground." Since the time when its primal Edenic beauty was blasted, many have camped in turn on its seared and furrowed surface. Vast armies of men have tramped and bivouacked in the fields and forests of this well-worn and wearing globe. Of many of these encampments of warring hosts or enthusiastic crusaders not even the sites are now known. Rank after rank of successive campers has disappeared from view. The Bible represents human life as nomadic and transitory—as a tenting out beneath the stars of divine promise. Life is bivouac, life is sojourn. How pretty are snow-white tents—yet how unsteady, how liable to be blown down! An interesting and in one sense affecting ceremony occurs every year at West Point. When the time comes to close the summer camp on the Plain by Fort Clinton—a camp which each year is called by the name of a distinguished army officer—the tent cords are loosed from the stakes, everything is in readiness for striking camp, the bugle sounds, the tents fall in an instant all together, the cadets form in companies, and to the beat of a lively tune played by the fife-and-drum corps, march off to the gray barracks, there to begin another year of close and exacting academic work.

Life at large is full of these experiences of tent-striking, of moving on from abandoned cantonments, although such departures are not always accomplished in a spectacular manner. Old Xerxes weeping his crocodile tears by the Hellespont was right; human life is a passing procession. But Xerxes was wrong when he called it a passing show. Life when properly lived is not show, but substance; not shadow, but reality. Such a life is transitory and changeable only as the ore is purified into gold, or carbon glorified into diamond. In the experience of every man there comes a time when the tent is struck and the trump sounds the march away to another world; but for the Christian the tent of flesh when it falls is exchanged for a mansion, and the "old camp-ground" of earth for a new and heavenly Paradise of perennial promise.

## Jesse Lee Day—Dec. 28

THE genius of St. Gaudens is to place a bronze statue of Phillips Brooks opposite the site in Copley Square made forever memorable by the preaching of that latter day prophet of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Signs multiply which make us believe that the Methodists of New England will not rest until their earlier prophet, Jesse Lee (to whom our sister church owed the very type of evangelical doctrine which her illustrious Bishop wielded with such power), has as a permanent and an even more suitable monument overlooking the scene of his epoch-making ministry, the Chair of Preaching in our School of Theology on Beacon Hill.

The presiding elders of the New England Conferences have wisely planned mass-meetings for the afternoon of Jesse Lee day in some of the larger centres, such as

Worcester, Portland, and Concord. Boston Methodism, also, is to have such a Thank-offering Jubilee in People's Temple at 3 P. M. on Sunday, Dec. 28, at which a peculiarly strong array of speakers is to appear—Bishops Mallalieu and Andrews, together with Professor Samuel F. Upham and President J. W. Bashtford. All of these distinguished representatives of our Methodism are to make long journeys for the specific purpose of honoring the memory of Jesse Lee, and inspiring Methodism with gratitude to God for His "amazing mercies" to our New England Israel.

It is greatly to be desired that every man and woman who consciously owes anything to the Gospel ministry of our New England churches, should make special and repeated prayer in secret, at the family altar, and in public, for an abundant spiritual blessing upon all religious exercises of Jesse Lee Day throughout the length and breadth of New England. Let the new year of God's grace dawn upon no member of our Zion who has not made a personal, sacred and generous thank offering to the endowment of the Jesse Lee Chair. Let the widow with her two mites, as well as the woman with her costly alabaster box, and wealthy Joseph of Arimathea, with his elaborate and sumptuous rock-hewn family tomb, bring their individual gifts of loving adoration to their crucified but ascended Lord.

## Some of Dr. Parker's Idiosyncrasies

THE distinguished editor of that splendid English religious journal, the *British Weekly*, Rev. Dr. Robertson Nicoll, writes out of his heart concerning his friend, the late Dr. Parker, of City Temple, London, in the issue of Dec. 4. For a tender, frank and discriminating tribute we have seldom read anything to compare with it. Dr. Nicoll does not hesitate to show that over against the genius, nobleness and strength of Dr. Parker, were set the infirmities which are usually to be found in men of his colossal build. With all the buoyancy of his nature he was so constituted as to suffer indescribably throughout his life, doomed as he was to be misapprehended and misunderstood by the multitude. Dr. Nicoll, referring to these characteristics, says:

"Few men have cared less for general society. He liked to meet people in whom he was interested, and sometimes accepted invitations, but no man in a similar position ever went out so little. When he did accept an invitation to a dinner party, he was always miserable before he went, and often miserable after. He would imagine that he had said something or done something that should not have been said or done. What is much more remarkable, Dr. Parker had at no time in his life any special genius for friendship. Those nearest him, those who have known him best and longest, bear witness with one voice to this. He was full of friendliness, but till the days of his loneliness he did not need close friends."

Perhaps in no quality was he more misunderstood than in his inherent and morbid sensitiveness. And this is not surprising, for his manner so greatly baffled him. In public speech, especially in those hours when he seemed to be caught up, and delivered himself in terms that were like a leaping and plunging Niagara, he appeared to be utterly oblivious of the thoughts and feelings of men, daring, aggressive and explosive. But over against this there was the tender and acutely sensitive side of the man, strangely wondering how he could ever be misapprehended or criticised. In revealing this zone in the great man Dr. Nicoll says:

"Dr. Parker was extremely sensitive. Per-



haps sensitiveness goes much more often with genius than with talent. He greatly lacked self-confidence, and lived in the constant need of encouragement. The occasional brusqueness and egotism of his manner was in reality a mask of shyness; for he remembered with marvelous tenacity all who had shown him any kindness. He never forgot to be grateful. His was a nature that had much need of brightness, and he would often pray for some visible sign or token that he was doing good. He had himself a generous admiration for every kind of excellence in the old and in the young. The two men, I think, whom he admired most were Dr. McLaren and Principal Rainy, and their visits in his sickness gave him peculiar delight. But it need not be denied that this sensitiveness, almost grotesque at times, led him into much trouble. As a rule, he did not read attacks upon himself, but when he read them he could hardly be restrained from replying to them, no matter how puny the assailant might be. He had even the weakness of seeing allusions to himself which were never meant as such, and in this way he suffered needless pain. It was difficult for him to believe that he was loved. He could not take it upon trust. He had to be told it over and over again. In his later years he mellowed greatly, but the story of his life is in one aspect a record of struggle and combat, and its peace was marred by needless misunderstandings."

In pathetic sympathy with the above is this further revelation of the great depths of his soul, and the way in which he was plowed. Says Dr. Nicoll:

"Dr. Parker's last days were shadowed by his great bereavement in the death of the wife whose loyal affection had sustained him through all the storm and struggle of thirty-four years. When her call came she heard it long before he would listen, and was always very calm and very brave. He controlled himself in her presence, but when he left her he would break into fits of passionate weeping. He never could bear leave-taking. When visitors stayed in his house he never said good-by, and never liked to know when they were going. He had asked his wife in their early days of marriage to promise that they would never say farewell to one another, and the promise was kept. Death was to him the most formidable of foes, and he would say, 'When I come to die do not preach to me, do not exhort me—leave me with myself and with God.'"

Such is the penalty which any genius, great or small, in greater or lesser degree, must pay for unusual gifts. It is a thousand pities that the people generally do not and will not try to better understand the men of this type who, as a rule, devote themselves so faithfully to the public good.

### Noteworthy Concessions

THE *Epworth Herald* of Dec. 20 contains an editorial upon "What about Higher Criticism?" which makes some very noteworthy concessions. We regret that the limitations upon our space will not permit the immediate reproduction of the entire editorial. The concessions are all the more significant when the theological position of the editor of the *Epworth Herald* is taken into account and the peculiar work for the church which he is called to do. He has stood as a stalwart representative of orthodoxy, and as an instructor and leader of the younger generation of the church he has jealously and justly guarded "the faith once delivered to the saints." His editorial, read in the light of these facts, shows that he, too, has been constrained to recognize the truth that the attitude of the conservative must change towards what is known as higher criticism. He concedes that it will no longer do to treat it as wholly dangerous and destructive, but that it must receive *discriminative*, and in most cases reverent and grateful, recognition. On these lines he says:

"Criticism is easily defined. It means more than to find fault. It means more than to present

objections to what is proposed for our acceptance. It rather means a careful study or scrutiny of the source, nature, and authority of that upon which we must form an opinion. . . . In former years the critic was a highly-honored man in the church. Only such as possessed a goodly amount of learning engaged in the work, or were looked upon with any degree of respect as authorities in such studies. Then all real expositors of the word of the Lord were critics. They were men who explored all available sources of knowledge with regard to the book or books purporting to be revelations from God.

"As thus defined, higher criticism is a creditable and honorable pursuit. Its aim is to set forth the truth concerning the documents making up the Bible, their authorship, origin, history, and whatever sheds light upon them."

Referring to the articles of Bishop Merrill on this subject, which mark an epoch-making advance in the church, and which were immediately republished, with hearty approval, in our columns, he says:

"In recent utterances Bishop Merrill has expressed two thoughts which appear to have met with large approval in the church. One is the regret that higher criticism, as a technical term, was ever invented. The other is that higher criticism is not a creed or dogma or doctrine to be believed or rejected. It is a method of study, proper and legitimate."

The editor of the *Epworth Herald* then closes with this word of victorious assurance, as he well may, concerning the impregnability of the Bible:

"We honor all students of the Bible who are devout. In the hands of such the Divine Word is safe. Every evangelical doctrine is also safe. The spirit which illumined the minds of God's chosen servants in writing the books, will enlighten the understanding of the reader who opens his heart toward God while he peruses the sacred pages. We welcome study—more study, devout study. And we welcome any form of criticism that is honest and reverent. We are not alarmed about the outcome of modern attacks on the Bible."

We are unspeakably gratified to have this frank, brave, true message borne to the young people of the church. It should have been given ten years ago, for it was then none the less true. Thanks be to God that the day of hysterical fright over higher criticism is passing, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has won its great modern struggle for tolerance, and that our theological professors and ministers with the new light which God has given for this day, and our modern leaders everywhere, are at last to be relieved from the misapprehension and misjudgment which never should have fallen upon them.

### Not Revolution, but Evolution

THE Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, grew facetious at the annual banquet of the United Club of London the other night at the expense of Venezuela, remarking with keen sarcasm: that Venezuela "should be content to put herself on a moderate allowance in the matter of revolutions. In less than seventy years Venezuela has indulged in the luxury of one hundred and four revolutions. Three revolutions in two years seems to me to be altogether unreasonable." Variety is said to be the spice of life, and if so, life in the South American States is pretty highly seasoned. Revolutions are costly, however, both in men and material, and while there is not unnaturally a yeast stage in the history of every new State, during which a certain amount of political topsyturvydom must be expected, still ferment and turmoil are not final forms of social experience. After the yeast has worked for awhile the dough may properly be expected to be baked into some form of substantial utility. Venezuela has had enough of rev-

olution. Let evolution now have free play!

### PERSONALS

—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore reached her 82d birthday on Dec. 19. She is in better health than she has been for some time. She received many letters and greetings from friends at her pleasant home in Melrose.

—Rev. Andrew Gillies, of State St. Church, Troy, N. Y., has accepted an invitation, according to the public press, to St. Andrew's Church, New York city. Mr. Gillies was formerly pastor of Trinity Church, Montpelier, Vt.

—Probably the last bit of writing of the great London preacher of Nonconformity, Dr. Joseph Parker, was his chapter of reminiscences of "A Generation in the City Pulpit," which was printed in a recent number of the *Living Age*.

—Mrs. Edith H. Buell and Rev. E. G. Buell, the wife and the father of Dean Buell, accompanied by Prof. Samuel J. MacWatters of the School of Theology, are to spend their Christmas and New Year holidays in Jamaica, West Indies.

—Carnegie Institute at Washington manifests its approval of the scientific work which Prof. W. O. Atwater is doing, by granting to him \$5,000 for the prosecution of inquiries with the respiration calorimeter. The special object is the study of the relation of oxygen to the animal economy.

—Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D., dedicates his book, reviewed in this issue, upon "God's Goodness and Severity, or Endless Punishment," to "Mr. James A. Woolson, one of the truest of men and most faithful of friends, whose modesty would have forbidden these words of affection and appreciation had he known the intention of the author."

—The *Galveston Daily News* of Dec. 17, in reporting the services of Sunday at the Southern German Conference, held at Lexington, Texas, says: "Bishop Mallalieu preached to a large congregation in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the evening, with great unction and power, and at the close of the service five young men signified their purpose to lead a Christian life."

—Captain L. D. Baker, of the United Fruit Company, one of the new and aggressive trustees of Boston University, sailed in the "Admiral Dewey," on Dec. 17, for Port Antonio, Jamaica, to join Mrs. and Miss Baker for the Christmas holidays, and to remain for the rest of the winter. Mr. L. D. Baker, Jr., remains in Boston for the winter season, much to the joy of his friends in this city.

—The *Central Christian Advocate* says: "Dr. Matt S. Hughes is beginning his fifth year at Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, and he may well be congratulated not only on the large increase in members, now numbering some 1,350, but on the consolidation, the harmony, the financial leadership, and the comprehensive activities of the large vineyard which he administers so well."

—The will of the late Hugh Price Hughes, the great English preacher, contained the following passage: "I further direct my trustees to arrange that the funeral of my body shall take place with as few signs and symbols of mourning and sadness as possible, for to the Christian to die is gain. And I request my trustees to place on my tombstone, as an expression of my faith and ex-

perience, the following words: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want."

— Announcement is made of the sudden death last week, of Col. Alexander Shaw, of Baltimore, one of the most prominent, wealthy and useful laymen of our church.

— Rev. F. J. McConnell, pastor of Harvard St. Church, Cambridge, is invited to become the next pastor of New York Ave. Church, Brooklyn, and it is probable that he will accept.

— The *Northern Christian Advocate* of last week says: "Dr. Hard's condition, if changed at all, is for the better. He is able to take nourishment without discomfort, and the possibilities of his recovery seem brighter."

— Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church calls Rev. Dr. Nacy Magee Waters, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Binghamton, N. Y., as the successor of Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, who resigned on account of ill health.

— Rev. L. W. Adams, of Marlboro, writes under date of Dec. 20: "Mrs. Judd, widow of the late Rev. Burtis Judd, of the New England Conference, died today at 4 P. M., at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. Lewis Perry. She was 85 years old."

— Bishop Hamilton is returning to the Pacific Slope, dedicating churches as he goes. He dedicated the Chaplain Street Church in Wheeling, W. Va., on Sunday, Dec. 7, and the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church in Sheldahl, Iowa, and the English speaking church in Onawa on the 14th.

— Bishop Vincent has transferred Rev. Gaetano Conte, of our Italian Church in Boston, to the Italy Conference. He will receive his appointment in Italy next May. Until that time he will continue to work as agent of a Society for Protection of Italian Immigrants, which is entirely independent of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

— Rev. Dr. Romaine S. Cantine, late pastor of First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., died in Chicago, Dec. 11, of pneumonia, aged 65 years. Sixteen years ago he left the Rock River Conference to assume the pastorate of First Church, Los Angeles, which he served ten years in all. He was a striking personality and a man of great gifts and usefulness.

— Rev. Dr. W. H. Hickman has resigned as chancellor of De Pauw University, which position he has filled with great efficiency for the past five years. During these years he has secured from various sources for the improvement and endowment of the institution over \$373,000. When Dr. Hickman became chancellor, De Pauw was running behind in its current expenses about \$15,000 a year. It is now practically able to meet all its current expenses.

— Gov.-elect Bates is invited, in the name of the faculty and students of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., to be their guest of honor at the next Commencement, and deliver the annual literary address. This high and exceedingly fraternal compliment from the representative educational institution of our sister church is heartily appreciated, not only by the Governor, but by New England Methodism.

— We are happy to learn that Rev. J. H. Jowett, Dr. Dale's successor at Birmingham, Eng., and one of the ablest and most genial of the younger men in the English ministry today, is coming to this country. He has accepted Mr. Moody's invitation to Northfield, where he will spend the month of July and give lectures frequently. It will be remembered that we presented this noteworthy preacher to our readers long

ago, with a page of excerpts from his volume of sermons entitled, "Apostolic Optimism."

### BRIEFLETS

Seldom does the *HERALD* publish a finer paper than the first in the series promised from Rev. Dr. Herbert Welch, which appears in this issue. Our readers will rejoice to know that some dozen, in all, are laid out for our columns by Dr. Welch.

A fine illustration of the true Christmas spirit is manifested by the Young Men's Bible Class of Park Ave. Church, West Somerville, under the leadership of the faithful teacher. For the third year this teacher has requested that, instead of making him a valuable present at Christmas, as the young men had been accustomed to do, they should bestow an equal amount upon some needy superannuate. The editor's delight in naming this year, upon request, a worthy recipient, was diminished by the reflection that so many, as sternly needy, were not also thus relieved.

Rev. Dr. W. T. Perrin writes: "It is not strange that a mistake was made in the report of the Presiding Elders' Convention, held Dec. 2 in Boston, inasmuch as Rev. W. I. Ward was elected secretary of the meeting, Rev. T. F. Jones secretary *pro tem.* in the afternoon session, and Rev. Dr. E. O. Thayer secretary *pro tem.* in the evening. Rev. T. F. Jones, of the East Maine Conference, was elected secretary of the permanent organization."

Dr. J. L. Withrow, the honored pastor of Park St. Church, this city, in telling in a very interesting way the story of the sale of the church in last week's *Congregationalist*, puts the gist of the whole matter — not less for Bromfield St. than for Park St. — in the following question: "But the question was raised: Are we right in allowing so vast a sum to lie hid in a napkin, when the income of it would do so much?"

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, at the convocation exercises held last week, announced a gift by John D. Rockefeller of another million to that institution. Additional gifts were announced, the whole amount aggregating \$1,526,000.

There would be no real immortality without remembrance. Unless we can look back from heaven and see all of our past life — see it in its true light, of course, and with a perfect understanding of all its apparent contradictions — we might as well be born again as different beings. The sense of personal identity and continuity of existence would be lost.

The *New Bedford Standard*, which has a very apt way of putting practical truth, in discussing the relative merits of journalism, is much to the point in saying: "By the way, we believe that it has been demonstrated a good many times that profitable newspaper enterprises are not built up by banging at your competitors' shortcomings so much as by making a better paper of your own."

We were authoritatively informed, the other day, of a fact which seemed incredible. It is so humiliating and painful that we should never mention it, if we were not convinced that it ought to be told both as a rebuke and a warning. It was stated by one who knew that in one of our patronizing Conferences twenty per cent. of the ministers did not present the cause of the "worn-out preachers" and did not report any collection. Such action is wholly inexcusable. It is the very essence of unbrotherliness and ingratitude. It is wrong to deprive our

generous people of the chance to give to this supreme cause. Whatever else, brother minister, you leave undone, do not omit the collection for the Preachers' Aid Society. We do not name the recreant Conference, and regret that the Minutes tell the pathetic and disgraceful story.

Advanced work for Sunday-school teachers will receive a new emphasis next week at Boston University. For the three days of Jan. 1, 2, and 3, men and women of national reputation and marked ability will give instruction calculated to make possible a forward movement in Sunday-school teaching. Dean Sanders, of Yale Divinity School, will speak on the Book of Acts, appropriate to the Sunday-school lessons for 1903, and Mrs. C. M. Lamson will treat Old Testament poetry. Prof. H. H. Horne, of Dartmouth College, will give a course of lectures on "Methods of Teaching," and Mr. E. P. St. John two periods in the "Study of Pupil Nature." Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, will speak, while Dean Huntington and President Harris of Amherst will be among those who will preside. A genuine interest is already assured in this movement.

One of the recently-organized evangelistic bands in the School of Theology sent five of their number, on a recent stormy Friday evening, to Pascoag, R. I. The pastor, Rev. Walter Ela, reports that "the young men were full of life, bright, joyous, hopeful, and fully consecrated to the Master's service;" that "they seemed to hold the truth they preached with a firm grasp;" and that "their preaching was of a high grade both in thought, expression and delivery." Sunday evening the Free Baptist and Primitive Methodist pastors and churches, of their own motion, joined in the service, at which nine seekers came to the altar and other signs of deep conviction appeared in the audience.

In olden times in Roman Catholic countries a rite was observed termed "excommunication by candle," in accordance with which a culprit was allowed time for repentance until a candle was burned out. The Almighty, as it were, sets each successive year like a tallow dip in the candelabrum of Time, as a warning signal to sinful men to repent while the season of probation continues. While the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. But he would better not wait for the last train.

Special attention is called to the announcement of Harper & Brothers on another page, which will enable our readers to secure a monumental "History of the American People," on most generous and reasonable terms. We thus refer to this matter because, in our judgment, there is no other historical work of so great merit upon this important subject.

While in one sense a man should know his own heart all the time, yet there are seasons, partly determined artificially by red markings on the calendar, when searchings of heart in a peculiarly thorough way are in order. Watch-night services serve usefully as such seasons of spiritual account-taking. The Old Book enunciates the principle that if we would judge ourselves we would not be judged. The man who is willing to overhaul himself every now and then, does not require quite so much chastening from the Lord. The closing hours of the old year afford fitting opportunities for praying old sins out and praying new faith, courage and hopefulness into the soul.



### A Noble Woman Crowned

MRS. MARY C. GOUCHER, wife of Rev. Dr. John F. Goucher, president of the Woman's College of Baltimore, died, Dec. 19, at her country home, Alto Dale, near that city, aged 50 years. Mrs. Goucher had been ill for over a year, and for several years she had been gradually declining from malnutrition. She was the daughter of Dr. John Fisher, and finally inherited from her father, on the death of an only and unmarried sister, over \$1,000,000. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1868 and was married, Dec. 24, 1877, to Rev. John Franklin Goucher. Their married life has been idyllic. With fine scholarly and literary tastes, with a love for travel, with the ability to help all good causes and with a passion to secure the best things for those who needed them most, with executive ability of the highest order on the part of Dr. Goucher, together, in sweetest sympathy and charming modesty, they have carried on a ministry of incomparable beneficence.

In addition to founding the Woman's College at Baltimore, Dr. and Mrs. Goucher established nearly one hundred Methodist mission schools in India. With the struggle for the solid establishment of the Woman's College the foreign missionary work was curtailed to some extent, as the college, it is said, cost the estate \$25,000 a year for ten years. As a hostess in her attractive home, who of the multitude invited there can ever forget her peculiar winsomeness? The soul of sincerity, deeply religious without cant, possessing a genius for friendship and friendly outgoings to everybody whom she met, she has left a gracious impression upon the living that will never be effaced. Perhaps no woman in the church could pass on to her reward who would be so deeply and generally mourned, not only in America, but in India and other great mission fields. Besides her husband, she leaves three daughters—Misses Janet, Elinor and Elizabeth.

### How God Confers Knighthood

WHEN Louis the Pious came of age, Charlemagne his father publicly invested him with his hereditary princely dignity and his title to the throne, by binding, in accordance with Frankish custom, a sword upon his body. To this day the conferring of this bloody symbol is an essential part of every knightly investiture, in which the sovereign gently smites the shoulder of the kneeling candidate with a naked sword, and, calling him by his new title, bids him rise to his feet.

This is also the Divine method. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews amazes us by saying that it became Him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings. We are astounded to read that, though He were a son, yet learned He obedience by the things He suffered, offering up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him who was able to save Him from death. At the Jordan; at His Quarantania of temptation; at Caesarea Philippi, just before His transfiguration; in Gethsemane; and finally in the mysterious interval of utter spiritual desolation on the cross itself, it was the naked sword of God whose smittings invested our Elder Brother with His divine dignity as the Son of God's love.

This is God's way, and His only way, of ennobling us, the younger brethren of the Lord. Jesus said if any man would come after Him he must deny himself and take up his cross. Peter, demurring, was rebuked as savoring not of the things of God, but of the things of men and of Satan.

Judas, criticising the gift of the precious alabaster box to Jesus as a pitiful waste of money belonging to the poor, was also rebuked and told to let alone a woman whose adoring gratitude had prepared His sacred body for burial, and so had waited the perfume of her self-denying act on every wind of heaven to the end of time.

This is God's way, and it develops, as no other way can, the latent spiritual nobility of the human soul. This is the way by which He predestinates us to be conformed to the image of His Son. Lubia Hulapa, a Christian wife of Honolulu, whose husband had been banished to the leper colony at Molokai, had a witch stain her body to simulate leprosy, so that she herself might be banished to the same hideous inferno and meet grim death with the man she loved. And, strange to say, God's way is the most normal and the most natural way. Human nature responds instinctively to the call to self-sacrifice, deep answering unto deep. Multitudes of Christian wives could duplicate, without a moment's wavering, the deed of Hulapa. Multitudes of commonplace men, now absorbed in the humdrum routine of business, would have been as irresistibly drawn as was cultured Colonel Shaw, and as was every unlettered colored soldier of his, into a rhythmical and musical forward march to meet death at Fort Wagner. Before the Boxer horror people thought the Chinese temperament too callous, sodden and materialistic to justify the life-long labors of our gifted and heroic missionary cohort in that vast empire. But the bloody test of martyrdom has now abundantly convinced all Christendom that multitudes of Chinese converts had understood Jesus' law of discipleship, as laid down at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration, better than the majority of European and American Christians understand it.

St. Paul saw God ennobling the poorest Christians in his day by the loving sacrifice they made of their little hoards of money. The sight kindled in him the same burning enthusiasm which Jesus felt when He witnessed the widow's religious use of both her mites. Paul, too, felt much of His Master's yearning love and piercing sorrow over rich men upon whose souls the love of money for its own sake had brought a dwarfing and deadening curse. And he saw, with satisfaction correspondingly great, the spirit of His crucified Lord reincarnated in his poorest Macedonian converts, whose "abundance of joy and deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality." He tells the more cultured and luxurious Christians of the Achaian metropolis, who were much given to religious philosophy and rhetoric, that they must needs submit themselves to what he calls this test of the sincerity of their love to Christ.

It is, therefore, in the simplest and most obvious accord with primitive Christian ideals and practice that our Bishops and General Conference have asked the great Methodist Episcopal Church, man by man and woman by woman, to bring some definite gift of money, large or small, to the feet of the crucified Lord, as a personal thank-offering to God for His "amazing mercies" in the century just gone. It is also, we believe, in strictest harmony with the mind of Christ and the teaching of the apostles that our resident and presiding Bishops and all our presiding elders have united in a final and solemn call upon all New England Methodists, man by man and woman by woman, to put into the hand that was pierced for each of them some personal gift of money for the establishment of a Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching in our School of Theology, and to do it, if possible, on next Lord's Day morning,

December 28. Before the old year dies, let every New England Methodist see to it that his individual thank-offering (representing to Him who seeth in secret a genuine and loving token of self-sacrifice) finds its way into the Lord's treasury.

### New England's Type of Presiding Elder

A PRIVATE note from a presiding elder on one of the hardest districts in New England, sent to Dean Buell, shows how the Thank-offering appeal for the Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching is taking hold of the New England Methodist heart: "When I left Boston, I thought I could do nothing for this, for you know what we preachers have left after paying expenses of a family; but we have decided that you can have the above amount (\$50). We give it cheerfully. It is a part of our thank-offering, and we are thankful—I for being picked up by a Methodist preacher when a boy, and my good wife for finding a Methodist. She was of Calvinistic extraction, but makes a first-class Methodist. I hope you will get the \$50,000." With such leaders in the presiding eldership, who says we cannot endow the Jesse Lee Chair?

### The Vermont Campaign

THERE is good reason for believing that the Saloon Law passed at the recent session of the Legislature, is to be decisively defeated when the vote on the referendum is taken in February. A very remarkable reaction in public sentiment is shown in the ten days that have elapsed since the adjournment of the legislature. In a comprehensive and apparently fair representation of the situation by the regular correspondent of the Boston Herald, sent from St. Albans, there appears this very significant and hopeful statement:

"The astonishing condition has developed that people who have always been considered as in favor of a license law are coming out in violent opposition to the measure. The prohibition element wants nothing but prohibition; many who are not prohibitionists do not like the idea of an open saloon, and those who want the saloon say the law is altogether too stringent. The men who want to sell liquor do not like the provision which prohibits 'treating,' and the druggists are almost a unit in their opposition to the law, as it prohibits their selling liquor except on physician's prescription."

We noted last week the organization of a committee, one from each county, to lead in the effort to defeat the License Law. The men selected are especially able, influential and wise leaders, giving promise that a vigorous campaign is to be waged. An analysis of this committee is very encouraging: C. P. Smith, of Burlington, is president of the Burlington Savings Bank, a man of marked ability and influence. Joseph Battell, of Middlebury, is a man of wealth and owner of the Middlebury Register. Ex-Gov. Carroll S. Paige, the millionaire hide-dealer of Hyde Park, is a pronounced temperance man and foe of the saloon, one of the most astute politicians in the State, of tireless energy and full of resources. Hon. Frank Plumley, of Northfield, is a stalwart prohibitionist, a public speaker of wide reputation, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Arthur F. Stone, of St. Johnsbury, is editor of the Caledonian, and a very worthy and influential citizen. Judge John V. Carney is a former municipal judge of Bennington. Porter H. Dale, of Island Pond, is a son of former Lieut.-Gov. George N. Dale. Rev. John L. Sewall, of St. Albans, has taken the leading part in interesting the clergymen of the State in the crusade. Juan Robinson, of South Hero, is chairman of the Grand Isle Republican county committee. Senator Curtis S. Emery, of

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## THE WATCHNIGHT

'Twas like an old-time love-feast — that watchnight — for it seemed  
That heaven was just so near to us, its  
light around us streamed;  
Jerusalem, the golden, flung all its portals wide,  
And we felt the shining presence of the  
crowned and crucified.

We saw, as 'twere beneath a bright and  
all-revealing sky,  
That far-off land, o'er Jordan's strand,  
where our possessions lie;  
And heard, while all our songs of joy  
were thrilled and wafted o'er,  
A softer, sweeter music from the bright,  
celestial shore.

The dear old songs of Zion — the old and  
ever new —  
From praying lips and hearts that night  
were answered from the blue;  
We listened for the answer, with perfect  
faith, and then  
When one cried "Hallelujah!" soft  
echoes said "Amen!"

"Amen!" each face uplifted seemed all  
ashine with light —  
The radiance of the realms that know no  
sorrow — neither night;  
Where never any blessing to His children  
He denies —  
When the Lord Himself shall wipe away  
the teardrops from their eyes.

'Twas like an old-time love-feast; old  
scenes were brought to view —  
We had the old-time singing, and the  
"old religion," too!  
We told how He walked with us through  
valleys of despair,  
Until at last, the dangers past, His love  
had led us there!

And all sang "Hallelujah!" in sight of  
heavenly lands;  
'Twas a glad shaking up of hearts, as well  
as shaking hands!  
And the Old Year died in music, and the  
New Year dawned in light,  
And we passed to God's good-morning  
from the glory of His night!

— FRANK L. STANTON, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH  
PREACHERS

## I

Hugh Price Hughes, M. A.

• REV. HERBERT WELCH, D. D.

IF any apology is needed for placing first in this series of articles two men who are dead, it must be found in the fact that Hugh Price Hughes and Joseph Parker, though they no longer stand in English pulpits, are vastly alive. They are still of today, in influence, in inspiration — these two of the most famous English preachers of our generation.

Hugh Price Hughes has been characterized since his death as the foremost Wesleyan Methodist of his time. This is claiming much. He was certainly no such finished scholar as W. T. Davison; no such master of polished sermonizing as W. L. Watkinson, or of rich exegetical teaching as Mark Guy Pearse; as an editor he might be rivaled by Nehemiah Curnock, of the *Methodist Recorder*; as a platform orator and as the organizer of philanthropic work by Thomas Bowman Stephenson; as the head of a great and successful mission by S. F. Collier, of Manchester. Yet it is safe to say that the death of no other man in the Wesleyan Church would have called forth such remarkable demonstrations as England saw when Mr. Hughes died in late November. At

## His Funeral

in Wesley's Chapel gathered not only representatives of all the varied activities

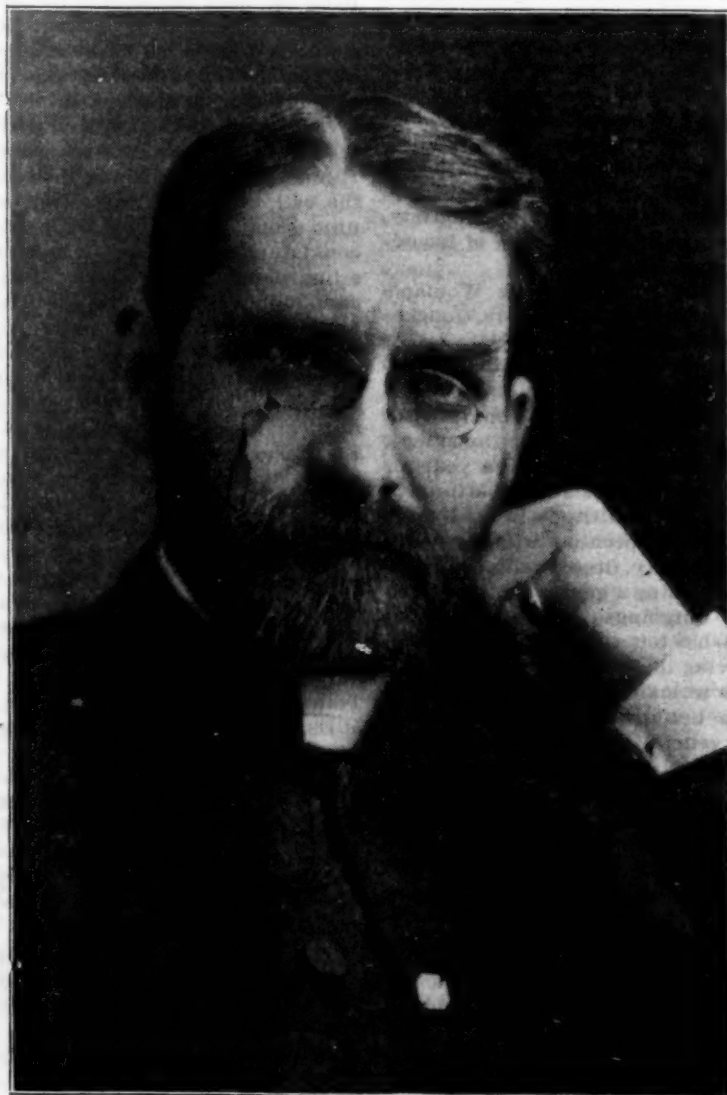
of the Wesleyan Church, of every one of which he seemed almost an essential part; not only men from all other English branches of Methodism, whose steadfast friend he was; but representatives (including the new Dean of Westminster, Dr. Armitage Robinson) of the Established Church, with which he felt strong fellowship; of the National Free Church Council, in which he was a leading spirit; and of political life, in which he was so tensely interested. Of the great mul-

to his church and his generation were most notable:

He was the leader of the

## Forward Movement,

named by that happy phrase which originated in a woman's thought. This movement has had world-wide influence — among other things, making possible the Twentieth Century Fund, with all that this means in several lands. The Forward Movement was a double one:



THE LATE HUGH PRICE HUGHES

titudes who sought to come, thousands were shut out. At his grave a throng waited, singing hymns, for two hours before the burial service began. In the pulpits of hundreds of churches, from London's noble cathedral to the humblest Methodist chapel in Cornwall, were spoken glowing tributes to his worth. The press gave large space to the story of his life. Marvelous memorial services were held in St. James' Hall, where people stood at the doors five hours beforehand to gain entrance.

These circumstances point to a hold upon the thought of England which was nothing less than extraordinary. They imply a unique combination of qualities which made this man first among his peers. Indeed, from observers of various sorts the deliberate judgment has come, "Hugh Price Hughes was the greatest gift of God to Methodism since John Wesley." I shall not attempt to justify this high eulogium. It is enough to indicate the direction in which his services

it was individual and social; it was evangelistic and reformatory. Mr. Hughes sometimes called himself "an old-fashioned Methodist." No more modern Methodist could be conceived, yet his Methodism was truly of the type of John Wesley's. He was an evangelist of the highest order. When he proposed to Mark Guy Pearse their union for the work of the West London Mission, he suggested: "You would edify the saints, and I would pursue the sinners." And the pursuit of sinners was the chief business of his life. To this everything was tributary. He was, it is true, a wide reader, and seized the heart of a book while other men would be reading the introduction. He believed the evangelist should be a theologian, and claimed that all the greatest evangelistic work from the days of Paul to the days of Wesley and his helpers had been done by men who were theologians as well as evangelists. Yet his experience, I dare say, was much the same as that of John Wesley,



who wrote at seventy-five: "I am not sensible that this [his reading] has made any essential addition to my knowledge in divinity. Forty years ago I knew and preached every Christian doctrine which I preach now." Mr. Hughes' theology was settled in its essentials early in life. His own conversion and fellowship with God made some things forever sure to him. In his

#### Adherence to the Vital Doctrines

of incarnation, atonement, present and full salvation through Jesus Christ, he never doubted. And the claims of this great salvation he pressed home upon the consciences of his hearers with all the energy of his convictions, and with a persistence that won thousands to immediate decision. I have heard him in St. James' Hall on a Sunday evening (when the meetings were always evangelistic) invite, and urge, and still exhort, and insist, and summon, while, one after another, men and women yielded to his plea, and rose to their feet or passed into the inquiry-room. His great passion was for this work. The evangelistic fervor which has so large and growing a place in English Methodism — and which is not confined to it — and which is nothing but a return to the Methodism of John Wesley, had no better example than Hugh Price Hughes, and there was no man who had so much to do with its revival. He

#### Saved the Soul of his Church

by dragging it out of its complacent and respectable "saints' rest," and setting it face to face with lost sinners. He took it at midnight among the wanderers of Piccadilly; he showed it the friendless and homeless, the great drifting masses that make up the pathos of a mighty city. He pitied, and the church caught the infection of the Divine love which burned within him. Many a man is ready to confess today that if the English Methodist Church is busy about its great business of saving its world, instead of sitting among the tombs in pious meditation upon the past, it was through this strenuous, dominating man who has just passed away that God wrought the great deed more than through any other.

But if the Forward Movement was to be a movement back to primitive Methodism, it must be more than evangelistic; and the work at St. James' Hall, through which chiefly Mr. Hughes became famous, was planned to give not only clean consciences, but instructed consciences. The fact which many preachers have deplored was recognized there — the sad fact that many men of Christian profession, and likely of honest intention, are implicated in some horribly unchristian practices of society. Mr. Hughes undertook a series of Sunday afternoon conferences for the discussion of public questions from the Christian standpoint. His published volumes on

#### "Social Christianity"

and "The Philanthropy of God" afford capital specimens of such discussions. He became a leader of thought in religious circles, an acknowledged mouthpiece of the "Nonconformist conscience," at which men sometimes sneer; but they bend to it. It was primarily Mr. Hughes'

remonstrance that made impossible the continuance in public life of Parnell, after the exposure of his immorality. He denounced on the platform, and he wrote urgently to Mr. Gladstone. So he wrote to the then Bishop of London about the purification of places of amusement, and induced him to come to the front in support of cleansing action by the city authorities. All kinds of reforms — the struggle against intemperance, against gambling, against impurity, against war — found in him a champion who could strike hard, and strike often, and keep on striking. Yet he fought without bitterness, and with a purpose to heal, not to wound. "His contribution to the spiritual life of the nation has been large and important," were the measured words of Archdeacon Sinclair in St. Paul's Cathedral. He saw the tendencies of national life before they were fully shaped, and was ready for them. He had a rare ability to focus a myriad of facts. With his immense and tireless energy of thought and action he was foremost in the field, to praise, condemn, inform, hearten, and lead the way. Said the *London Times*: "Mr. Hughes was certainly one of the half-dozen most popular preachers and platform speakers in England. His eloquence was remarkable, his enthusiasm overwhelming." His sharpness of insight, his lightning rapidity of decision, made him an inimitable debater. They tell us he was at his best on the platform or on the floor, turning the interruptions of his opponents into helps, tossing the quick repartee or thrusting the keen retort, to the delight of listeners and the confusion of adversaries. Yet how could such a man as he be at his really greatest there? I heard him first in New York, on the platform of Carnegie Hall, eleven years ago, and his directness, earnestness, and effectiveness drew me at once. But to see him, as I did some years later, at the glorious work of persuading men to be reconciled to God, was far finer. I can see him now — the tall, lithe figure, with clerical coat to the chin, standing out by the small desk, the orchestra and Sisters and helpers behind him. In front the crowd, filling even two galleries. The eyes that look them in the face are keen and bright behind their eye-glasses. The heavy eyebrows are turned upward and outward in a most curious manner. The pointedness of the face is accentuated by the close-cropped beard. He is at home — unafraid — confident. How alert and buoyant he is! There is a genial informality about the service, with all due reverence. Prayer is simple and real. He preaches from Jonah 4: 10, 11: "Then said the Lord, Thou hast had pity on the gourd . . . and should not I spare Nineveh . . . wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons . . . and also much cattle?" I can recall the sermon after five years. Was it a great sermon? Well, what do you mean by a great sermon? Do you mean one that has the look and the sound of a great sermon, or one that does the work of a great sermon? This does the work. The subject was the pitiful tenderness of God, shown in His care for the heathen city, emphasized by His interest in the very cattle. It is a sermon

to the conscience. There is free action of body, energy of voice, assurance of what men can be by the help of God, and intolerance for the shameful sin in which they may choose to dwell if they deny God.

Do you remember how W. T. Stead once hit slyly at Mr. Hughes (they were fast friends)? He said that a man ought to be a saint himself to talk as his friend did to the poor fellows in the galleries. Those West End audiences held every variety of character, including some of the highest notabilities in the land, and some of the lowest. But I venture to say that Mr. Hughes never made his hearers feel that he was a Pharisee, prating to them of superior virtue of his own. He knew how to respect a man, even a sinner, who differed from him. There was in the sermon the firm belief, joined with the human brotherliness, that made men at once submit and confide. You might object that many of his adjectives were superlatives, but you felt that here was a man who believed something, and believed it tremendously, and believed it was worth believing tremendously. Such a believer makes believers.

I heard him for the last time less than two months before he died. The old vehemence was lessened (yet he was only fifty-five). I said to myself that he had mellowed since the time when Mr. Stead called him "the Day of Judgment in breeches."

#### He had Aged.

His hair and beard were plentifully streaked with gray, and there was less of the intense and driving force of other days in his address, more of gentleness and fatherly persuasiveness. But there was the same sincerity, the same absolute lucidity of statement, the same indefinable quality in his speech which made everything he said interesting and impressive. He had doubtless broadened in sympathy as the years went on. Large acquaintance among men of differing faiths, religious and political, gave him more extended views. But his life was a unit, after all. The thoughts of his last months centred about the completion and use of the Twentieth Century Fund, the interests of foreign missions, and above all the quickening and deepening of evangelism, by preaching and by personal work for personal conversion as the basis of all other efforts. How happy an event it was that his passing came, not while he was still laid aside in broken health, but after he had taken up his task again, and was once more in the work his soul loved!

It is the witness of many that those who knew Hugh Price Hughes well found a personality not only compelling, but fascinating and lovely. He was a man's man, and yet a friend of women. He was not only true, but generous and unselfish; not only brave, but simple, gentle, devout. "If men who have such a Gospel as we have are not good men," he said one day to J. H. Jowett as they walked on busy Oxford St., "who can be expected to be good?" He was good. In a heart of boyish enthusiasm and glee there was a faith that moved mountains, and a holiness that made him ready to see the Lord.

41 Banbury Road, Oxford, Eng.



## NEW YORK LETTER

"HOLLAND."

HOW they do talk! Ah, well, let them talk! Dear men, they do so little of it during the week at home in their several charges. Let them have a good time as they let their limber tongues wag at a free gait on Monday. Sarcasm, do you say? Perish the thought! Are they not all rather men of action than of speech? Are not their deeds mightier even than their words? Is not their record on high?

After all, is it not a cheerful sight as one opens that front door of the "Book Concern" in Gotham on that aristocratic thoroughfare known as Fifth Avenue, on a crisp winter Monday morning, and takes a glance at the picture that is spread before his vision? What an array of genial, smiling faces; what brotherly, companionable groups; and what a musical hum of good natured voices comes to your ears as you stand just inside the great door! Where is there a more jovial lot of men on the face of the earth than these that assemble here from week to week? How rare and precious is this comradeship! How sweet and fragrant to a tired mind is this restful unbending in this congenial atmosphere!

All of this crept into our cranium as on a recent blustery Monday morning we rushed out of the rude, strong arms of Boreas into the sunshine of this charmed circle of brothers. How the brethren must miss it as the episcopal spring-pole, on some fickle April day, tosses them a hundred miles from Manhattan over into the Nutmeg State, up the far windings of the lordly Hudson, or across the sandy plains of Jersey up into those wild and romantic foot-hills where the poetry is to the salary as ten to one.

Ah! yes, it is a rare treat! Let us enjoy it while we can, before we, too, are hoisted far away to the "hill country" or beyond. And yet some of our good brethren of the austere type, who fear that a rugged, hearty laugh smacks of the pit, would have us break up our companionships and go to the parks on Mondays for quiet walks and meditation. Think what a blissful time one would have had walking in those romantic parks on last Monday! How he would have to rub his ears, kick his feet, and flap his arms to keep from freezing! And how he would have to hop about to dodge the flying branches that were torn from the tender trees by the hilarious winds! And we poor brethren who have but little coal at home can get good and warm every Monday at the Book Room. Think of it!

We have had in the Preachers' Meeting two Mondays devoted in whole or in part to the temperance question. Prof. Atwater and his alcoholic discoveries were discussed on Monday by Rev. Dr. Willis P. Odell, pastor of Calvary Church, Harlem, and a paper was read by Prof. D. D. Crowthers. And on a recent Monday Dr. Bradford P. Raymond, president of Wesleyan University, gave a brief and pertinent talk on the Atwater discovery. Why so much cry for so little wolf? Dr. Raymond demonstrated that they are not as yet using alcohol as a food to any great extent at the old Wesleyan University. Nor is it likely to be extensively used for its food properties at all soon. Thousands of poor souls, in their fruitless search for nourishment in alcohol, are tumbling over the edge of the pit annually.

Let the scientists wrestle with one another over these theoretical points, and let them split hairs to their hearts' content, but let us who truly love our fellows do all that lies within the scope of our ability and

power to save men from this deceptive, delusive and accursed habit. It is openly asserted that the drink habit is on the increase among church members and especially among women in the better or upper circles of society. We know not what to answer to these charges. We cannot disprove them. Has not the time about come for a revival of effort along this level in all of our churches, accompanied with pledge-signing?

As might naturally be expected, the attendance at our meetings is affected to quite an extent by the reputation of the man who is to stand upon the platform. Yet frequently the meeting is disappointed—in both ways, up and down. Sometimes the man with a towering reputation peters out to a fine point, and as the brethren throng the lower room they look into each other's eyes and say things. Again, it occasionally comes to pass that some humble and hitherto unknown brother picks the meeting up in his fingers and shakes it mightily. This transpired not many Mondays since, when Rev. Rufus P. Boyd, the pastor of Trinity Church, Jersey City, read his paper on "The Present Crisis." It was a most thoughtful, original, sagacious and far-seeing production. Our minds were made to glow and tingle as we listened to its crisp, virile sentences. The united testimony of the brethren is that they want more of him.

The preachers on two of our devotional Mondays were utterly unlike, and represented two extreme types of the ministry of today. Dr. James I. Vance, pastor of the North Reformed Church of Newark, N. J., is a scholarly, polished, and up-to-date young preacher of the period; while Dr. Thomas E. Vassar, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Elizabeth, N. J., is one of the old guard, fervent, intense and evangelistic in his style. Dr. Vance came from Nashville, Tenn., to this corner of the globe a few years ago, represented his church in an eloquent address at the recent Presbyterian General Assembly held in New York city, is greatly in demand for all sorts of addresses, and was considered among those who would likely become the successor of Dr. Maltbie Babcock at the Brick Church, New York. Dr. Vassar is the nephew of "Uncle John Vassar," a famous layman and soul-winner of the Baptist Church; and he is the author of the little book issued by the American Tract Society giving glimpses into the successful life of his famous uncle. We regret to have to add that we learn that Dr. Vassar is at this time seriously ill at his home. He is indeed a blessed old man.

Dr. Pardington's review of Dr. J. O. Peck's book on revivals was full of vigor and fire, and led to a most profitable discussion. The need of a general and far-reaching revival was apparent as the brethren talked, and we were glad to learn that some quite extensive works of grace have taken place in a number of churches of this section. This is specially true of Grace Church, Paterson, N. J., Rev. Dr. L. C. Muller, pastor. They have had some eighty conversions.

It is not often in an ordinary life time that one has such a privilege as we all enjoyed on a Monday morning a few weeks ago. S. H. Hadley, of the Water Street Mission, gave us a most unique, original and fervid address, and he had on the platform with him his "samples." These consisted of about a dozen of the men who have been saved from ruin in this famous mission. As one after another of these men told in simple, straightforward style

the story of his life, it marvelously moved those hundreds of cultured preachers. What a work it is! Through the generosity of some strong friends the Methodist Episcopal Church is going to erect one or more large buildings in suitable localities to engage in this special work. It is well, for there is a gold mine just here.

What a superb movement is that endeavor to raise \$150,000 for the veterans of the New York Conference. The file leader in the movement is Mr. John Andrus, of Yonkers, himself a preacher's son; and we take it for granted that he knows the need of this movement. This big-hearted man of the deep purse is to lead with \$50,000, which stays up on a shelf till the Conference gets together \$100,000, then it is to come down. On a recent Sunday that long-headed and valiant general, Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Tipple, swung his army down to the battle line. Some forty churches in Manhattan devoted the day to this inspiring object. A number of strong preachers, including a batch of Bishops, were brought in from outside to help in the charge. A great meeting was held in Carnegie Hall in the afternoon. When Dr. Tipple came to post up the returns on Sunday night it was found that these generous people had subscribed \$70,000, and the remaining \$80,000 is certain to be found at an early day.

What a glorious thought is this—the proper care of our heroic veterans. These splendid saddle-bags heroes of the "Thundering Legion" are deserving of all the honor we can show them and all the comfort we can bestow upon them. On the following Monday morning we had the overflow of this triumphant movement in the Preachers' Meeting. Excellent addresses were delivered by Dr. M. S. Kaufman and Dr. A. J. Coultas, of the New England Southern Conference, and Dr. Gillies, of the Troy Conference, and Dr. F. S. Upham, of Drew. Some little, chatterbug birds whisper that this young orator from the Troy Conference may come to fill a prominent Manhattan pulpit after next April. At any rate, it is perfectly safe to say that he is a man of remarkable mental force and will have a big hearing wherever he may go.

Last Monday our treat was somewhat of the scholarly order. Rev. Francis L. Strickland, of Flushing, Long Island, read a neat and well-prepared paper on "The German Gospel—A Study of Harnack's 'Essential Christianity.'" Mr. Strickland is a pleasant-looking, well trained young preacher. He assured us that Prof. Harnack rejected the miraculous element in the New Testament and did not believe in the resurrection of Jesus; but he urged everybody to read the book because the writer was specially able, oratorical, unique, and a great student.

A plain preacher at our elbow said, at the close of the meeting, that if Harnack was full of error of the rankest sort, did not the fact of his great ability and originality make him simply the more dangerous? That being the case, why read the book and commend it to others? I turned a shocked and pained face upon my simple hearted friend and tenderly assured him that he was only a faded and soiled back number; that we must keep up with the procession. It did not matter much what direction it was going, just so it kept going. We must move. To stand still is simply stagnation. If you keep on going you finally find out where you land. You are sure to get somewhere.

But, really, my old-fashioned friend did not seem to be jostled much by my modern, up-to-date logic. He quietly supposed that if I had a family physician who had studied



the theory of medicine most thoroughly, was a learned dreamer, but could not get hold of the practice of medicine, and nearly all of his patients died on his scholarly hands, including some of my own family, I would continue to recommend him to my friends and let him have a chance to kill them. My recommendation would be based on his vast learning, his silken speech, his soft touch, sublime confidence, elegant clothes, and up-to-date manner. I shook my head at this dear old fossil in a grave and sad way. What is the use? Some folks are utterly too old-fashioned to reason with. They cannot understand that we should cheerfully take poison in order to know how it would affect other people.

A large and enthusiastic movement is on in the New York District under the efficient leadership of Presiding Elder Millard. A convention of the pastors and church leaders was held at Yonkers a few days since, to counsel in regard to an advance movement along all spiritual and aggressive lines in the district. Almost half a hundred pastors exchanged prayer services and Sunday pulpits on a given week. What a variety that must have given in these churches! And now there is on a series of missionary and revival rallies all over the district.

Enjoyable and profitable anniversary services have been held in many of our old churches. How full are these of sad and sweet memories! That at old John St. Church, Manhattan, was of special interest. How appropriate it is that that rare literary genius, Dr. J. Wesley Johnston, should be at the helm at this historic old temple to greet the cultivated visitors that come from all over the Methodist world almost every Sunday of the round year. Why would it not be a fitting thing for that polished pen to write a full and detailed history of our local Methodism in and about this great city of Gotham?

That rally week at the old Warren Street Church of Brooklyn, under the superintendence of Rev. Arthur W. Byrt, the city superintendent of Brooklyn, was a great victory. This old church is renewing her life. Mr. Byrt is a rare genius as an organizer—a sort of a combination of lawyer and preacher. We have more than once been impressed that there is some excellent presiding-elder timber in this same agile superintendent.

The farewell meeting, held in the Metropolitan Temple recently, in honor of Bishop Thoburn on the eve of his departure for India, was an enthusiastic and inspiring meeting. Bishop Andrews is a very felicitous platform speaker. And what a seer and prophet at once is this wizard of India! How he plays with an audience, and how our people believe in him! How sublime his mission to India! God spare him to us for years to come!

As I walked slowly home from the Preachers' Meeting yesterday I turned over in my mind the substance of the paper read by Rev. Dr. George E. Strobridge, pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Manhattan, on the failure of Romanism among the men of Italy and the rare opportunity afforded Protestantism at this peculiar time to make swift strides in planting the truth all over the hills and valleys of that sunny land. The handsome Doctor certainly did pile up a battal of reasons that made clear the failure of the Romish Church at its headquarters, and pointed out plainly the causes of that apparent failure. Evidently it is a strong system with many weaknesses. How long can it hold out?

We hear but little as to men that are to move at the coming sessions of our three Metropolitan Conferences. Churches seem a trifle slow to let go of men that they already have, and the men that are spiked down hard and fast seem to be keeping unusually still for this time of the year. In the not very dim and distant past we have known it, here and hereabouts, to be all astir by December, and half of the appointments fixed. This modern way may be after all the better way, but we confess to a lingering doubt as to the ultimate outcome. We dread the nervous and sudden jam at Conference time. It is pretty sure to come, and when long deferred is quite likely to be more reckless and unsatisfactory to all concerned than if attended to deliberately and in ample time.

And one thing that we have often noticed in the settled pastorate system, and which we secretly feared would creep in among us when we removed the time limit, is already distinctly noticeable. It is simply that tendency of men to remain in churches years after their usefulness has begun to wane. And the cause of this is plainly apparent to all students of the situation—there is no open church door to enter. Under the old time-limit system about one-half, or at least one-third, of the churches changed pastors each year. If a man did not feel perfectly at home he decided to move, as did many more, and the situation was simple and easy. Among these loosened men fair and equitable exchanges could be made. Now nobody is loose. Hence every man holds on to his church, whether a fit or a failure. He dare not let go. He knows not where he may land. The church desires a change, but does not want to afflict its pastor. So he holds on and on, and things do not move as they ought. The churches suffer and the pastors are in danger of losing their self-respect and spiritual fervor. And where is the end to be?

#### OLD-YEAR MEMORIES

Let us forget the things that vexed and tried us,  
The worrying things that caused our souls to fret;  
The hopes that, cherished long, were still denied us  
Let us forget.

Let us forget the little slights that pained us,  
The greater wrongs that rankle sometimes yet;  
The pride with which some lofty one disdained us  
Let us forget.

Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,  
The yielding to temptation that beset,  
That he perceance, though grief be unavailing,  
Cannot forget.

But blessings manifold, past all deserving  
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,  
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,  
Let us remember long.

The sacrifice of love, the generous giving  
When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong,  
The fragrance of each life of holy living  
Let us remember long.

Whatever things were good and true and gracious,  
Whatever of right has triumphed over wrong,  
What love of God or man has rendered precious,  
Let us remember long.

So, pondering well the lessons it has taught us,  
We tenderly may bid the year "Good-by,"  
Holding in memory the good it brought us,  
Letting the evil die.

—SUSAN E. GAMMONS, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

#### NATIONAL REFORM CONVENTION

REV. J. M. FOSTER.

THE National Reform Convention was held under the auspices of the National Reform Association, in Park St. Church, Dec. 16. There were three sessions, beginning at 9 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7.30 P. M. In literary finish, force of thought and high moral tone the addresses were of the first order. "The Christian State" was the keynote of the program and the great reforms of the day were discussed in the light of the great principles of civil government. All the speakers took fundamental ground. The following principles were developed:

1. *That civil government finds its source in God.* Rev. John S. Lindsay, D. D., rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Tremont St., Boston, spoke on "The Divine Institution of Civil Government." It is God's order in the world. Obedience to just and legal authority is obedience to God.

2. *That the Lord Jesus Christ is the divinely appointed Ruler of nations.* Rev. John Kirkpatrick, D. D., of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, South Boston, read a paper on "Christ the King of Nations." The titles given Him in the Scriptures, the commands to rulers and nations to obey Him, the administration of God's providential government placed in His hands, and the prophecies that He shall be recognized as King by all nations, were infallible proof.

3. *That the Bible is the fountain of all law.* Rev. H. C. Hovey, D. D., of Newburyport Presbyterian Church, read a paper on "The Bible in our Public Schools," that bristled with arguments. The Bible has made Great Britain, the United States and Germany the arbiters of the world. No nation is great without the Bible.

4. *That the State contemplates moral and religious ends.* Rev. W. J. Stewart, D. D., Harvard St. Baptist Church, spoke on "The Christian State and the Sabbath;" Rev. A. A. Shaw read a paper on "The Christian State and the Saloon;" Prof. John Moore spoke on "The Christian State and Romanism;" Rev. Edward Abbott, D. D., rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Cambridge, spoke on "Phases of the Divorce Question in the Christian State;" Rev. L. B. Bates, D. D., spoke on "The Christian State and Foreign Missions;" Wm. F. Davis read a paper on "The Kingship of Christ the Solution of the Conflict between Coal Trusts and Miners' Unions;" and in every case the moral and religious ends of civil government were accentuated. One topic, "The Gospel for the Nations the Organic People," compelled this conclusion; and another, "The Attributes of the Christian State," left no room for doubt.

5. *Christian citizenship is true allegiance to Christ the King in the realm of politics.* Citizenship is the individual occupying his place in God's order in civil society and performing the duties growing out of his relations therein. Christian citizenship is the believer occupying his place in civil society and performing his relational duties in obedience to Christ. The Christian state is the organic people in true allegiance to Christ.

6. *The nations will be united under Christ the King.* Benj. F. Trueblood, LL.D., spoke on "The Unity of Nations Realized in the Kingship of Christ, the Prince of Peace." The law of Christ is service and help for others, forgiveness, sacrifice and even death for others. This is the law of Christ's kingdom for individuals, families, churches and nations. Under this law war is impossible. It brings universal peace.

Boston, Mass.

## THE FAMILY

### SUCH BE THY GIFTS

The cycle of the seasons now complete,  
Behold, once more Time's massive portal  
opes;  
And now the New Year of the Lord we  
greet!  
As, in the old, Thy bounty crowned our  
hopes,  
Such be Thy gifts, O Lord!

A year of plenty. Flocks have multiplied,  
Earth's kindly fruits the harvest moon  
bestows;  
And, swept from vassal fields on every  
side,  
The garnered corn like prisoned sunshine  
glows:  
Such be Thy gifts, O Lord!

A year of peace. No wild and clamant  
notes  
Of war's stern music shrill the troubled  
air;  
In tranquil majesty our banner floats,  
Dumb are our cannon, mute the trump-  
et's blare:  
Such be Thy gifts, O Lord!

A year of honor. Warring nations pause,  
And look to us, as if to stay their hands—  
The arbiters of every noble cause,  
And hope of the oppressed in other  
lands:  
Such be Thy gifts, O Lord.

Plenty, and peace, and honor—these but  
part  
That Thou dost lavish from Thy store  
divine;  
Give us yet more—eyes in a contrite heart,  
To see how poor our gifts compared with  
Thine.  
Love be thy gift, O man!

Seek as we may, no fit return we find.  
Yet love is faith, and love is gratitude,  
And love is service to our human kind!  
Be these, this New Year of our Lord, re-  
newed:  
Love be thy gift, O man!

— EDITH M. THOMAS, in *Congregationalist*.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

### The Waning Year

Good-night, O year, most sorrowful  
Seen from the earth side, ache and loss  
And clouded dawns, and dear ones gone,  
Have deeply stamped thee with the cross.  
Good-night, O sorrowful, sweet year,  
Sweet with the promise of the day,  
Where heaven's own morning shall appear  
And all the shadows flee away.

— Margaret E. Sangster.

Help us to reach out past the things we  
cannot understand, to the God we trust.  
We thank Thee for the passing of what  
changes, and the changelessness of that  
which passes not. — *Maltbie D. Babcock*.

Every ending includes a solemn element.  
Every ending, cutting short, foreshadows  
the ending, cutting short of life. . . .  
When the end is come, the endless end, the  
end which is the final beginning, be Thy  
word to each of us, Come. In us see the  
travail of Thy soul, and be satisfied. —  
*Christina Rossetti*.

Finish every day and be done with it.  
You have done what you could. Some  
blunders and absurdities no doubt crept  
in; forget them as soon as you can. To-  
morrow is a new day; begin it well and  
serenely, and with too high a spirit to be  
cumbered with your old nonsense. This  
day is all that is good and fair. It is too  
dear, with its hopes and invitations, to  
waste a moment on the yesterdays. — *Em-  
erson*.

The days do, indeed, pass quickly, but as  
swiftly they bring to us the better things of  
God's providence and grace. There are

greater possibilities than before, there are  
promises of better things, there are days of  
more delightful good. We may use our  
experience and be more wise; we may  
use the larger knowledge of grace and be  
better; we may look into our Father's face  
with the increasing confidence of the long  
experience of His love; we may weave into  
our lives more of the love of those about us,  
and of the golden threads that come from  
the glory of God. And so we rejoice as the  
year slips away, and wait for the blessings  
in the hands of God for the year coming in.  
— *United Presbyterian*.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable  
that true work is to be done, but by mak-  
ing the best of what we are. It is not by  
complaining that we have not the right  
tools, but by using well the tools we have.  
What we are, and where we are, is God's  
providential arrangement—God's doing,  
though it may be man's misdoing; and the  
manly and the wise way is to look your  
disadvantages in the face, and see what can  
be made out of them. Life, like war, is a  
series of mistakes, and he is not the best  
Christian nor the best general who makes  
the fewest false steps. He is the best who  
wins the most splendid victories by the re-  
trieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; or-  
ganize victory out of mistakes. — *F. W.  
Robertson*.

It is well for us, amid the darkening  
shadows of the old and dying year, to seri-  
ously ask ourselves how it has fared with  
us during the year that is so near its close.  
How is it with us as Christians? Is the fire  
burning bright on the altar of our hearts?  
Have we lost any of the early fervor, the  
free, glad response to heavenly influence  
and the earnest devotion of the days when  
we first felt the attraction of the Divine  
love and yielded ourselves at the foot of  
the Cross? Have social environments  
cooled this ardor, and instead of Christ  
being your all, your very soul and life, are  
you growing self-contented and formal,  
perhaps even indifferent? If so, let not  
the year end before your full and complete  
return to the Master.

We stand once more amid the shadows of  
a departing year, and it is a good time to  
remember all the way which the Lord our  
God has led us during the year now draw-  
ing to its close.

"Born in rejoicing and cradled in hope,  
Pointing new paths for adventurous feet,  
Promising power with the future to cope,  
Whispering low of the summer-time sweet,  
Camest thou hither. Now nearing thy bier,  
What dost leave us, O vanishing year?"

Whatever else the departing year may  
have taken from us, if it has left us Christ  
it leaves us rich indeed. — *Christian Work*.

I am grateful for the gift of memory, and  
the gracious ministry of retrospect. To be  
able to sit in the twilight, before the lamps  
are lit, and just think about him, and  
about her, is to exercise a kindly gift of  
God. To live it all over again in memory,  
from the wooing days to the ministry of the  
last sickness, and the sacred fellowship of  
the declining day! It is very good of God  
to permit us to recall it all, to canonize our  
loved ones in the soft, transfiguring light  
of retrospect. But retrospect may be im-  
prisoning; memory may paralyze me by  
vain regrets. If, in the pensive twilight,  
while I recall my yesterdays, I hear the  
risen Lord call my name, the call awakes  
the thought of a wondrous tomorrow!  
When He calls my name, He calls my  
loved ones, too, and my retrospect is trans-  
muted into a glorious hope. My evening  
time is no longer a mere lingering over a  
sunset, but an eager watching for the

dawn. My "good-by" is softened into  
"good-night," and I await the morrow of a  
brighter and more spacious day. — *J. H.  
Jowett, M. A.*

The secret of the work that lasts is that it  
is done in the name of Christ and that it is  
inspired by love. What we do for our-  
selves will not last. The fabric will crum-  
ble, however imposing it may be. He who  
writes his own name on his work is doomed  
to disappointment. There is no immortali-  
ty for vanity and self-seeking. The glory  
of self-conceit is but a bubble that bursts  
and leaves only a wrack of froth. But  
what we do in love for Christ and for our  
fellow-men will live. One made a piece of  
costly embroidery, putting into it finest  
threads of gold and silver. Then the work  
was laid away for a time, and when it was  
looked at again the whole delicate and  
beautiful fabric had been destroyed—  
nothing was left of it but the gold and  
silver threads. These were bright as ever  
in imperishable beauty. The only threads  
in the web of a life which will endure are  
the gold and silver threads which love for  
Christ and love for men put in. — *J. R.  
Miller, D. D.*

I asked, with the old year dissatisfied,  
"Ah! who will tell me how to mold the new  
Fair to my wish?"

The last December day  
Was slowly vanishing into the void,  
The void that swallows all.

"Tis not for thee  
To mold the year."

I know not whence the word.  
Perhaps it sparkled from a great white star  
That pulsed in the purple night.  
"If thou art richer, stronger, more alive,  
The year thy wealth, thy strength, thy life  
will show  
As in a mirror. With thyself the task,  
Yet hast thou help. The duties set for thee  
Are like a soil for growing; and above  
God's blessing is this bright and bounteous  
sky."

— *Mary F. Butts*.

## UNCLE STEPHEN'S STRONG BOX

ELIZABETH CHENEY.

"DOMINIE, ef you hev a leetle  
time to spare, I wish you'd look  
over the papers in my strong box."

The words were almost whispered, for  
the voice was weak from old age and  
long illness. Room "F," in the Home  
for Aged Men, was about to lose the  
peaceful face that had greeted the minis-  
ter time and again with a smile of  
heavenly cheer.

Stephen Holoway had lost almost every-  
thing in life except his good name, his  
memory, and his faith in God. His dear  
ones had died, his money had been lost,  
his eyesight had failed, and his limbs had  
long refused to support his trembling  
frame. Nevertheless, when the minister  
was in special need of stimulus and in-  
spiration, he was apt to drop in for a few  
moments at Uncle Stephen's bedside.  
This low-spoken allusion to a "strong  
box" startled him. It could not be that  
this venerable saint, so long an object of  
charity, had been hoarding unsuspected  
resources! Or was the keen, alert brain  
at last failing?

Rev. Mr. Alton bent tenderly over his  
old friend.

"You know I'm rich, dominie," went  
on the feeble voice.

"Ah!" thought the minister, "his  
mind has suddenly given way."

"As rich, as rich," continued Uncle



Stephen, his tones growing clearer and stronger, "as rich as the Lord Jesus Christ!"

His patient old face was suddenly illumined. Mr. Alton said, kindly:

"Uncle Stephen, you can have all of my time that you need. Where is your strong box?"

"Why, there!" replied the invalid, smiling, and pointing to the large leather-bound Bible on the stand. "Please take it and sit down a few minutes. When I was in business years ago, an' makin' a heap of money, I hed an iron box fer my vailable dokkerments an' specie. There wan't no safe-deposit vaults in them days, you know, an' I kep' the box into my bedroom closet, an' I was allus worryin' about it, 'fraid of burglars an' fires an' sich, an' scairt of losin' the key. But sence I hed this box what the Lord give me, I ain't hed no trubble with it, fer there can't nothin' happen to it, an' the key is 'faith.' Thet key is hid deep into my heart where the enemy can't find it. Hallelujah!"

The minister had seated himself with the great, time-worn volume on his knees.

"Now," said Uncle Stephen, "we'll look over them dokkerments a leetle. I can't see 'em no more with my eyes, but I know 'em by heart. The fust one in the bundle I never git tired of thinkin' about. You see, dominie, many years ago I lived under a good King that I didn't love, an' I rebelled agin Him, an' tried to hender His cause an' to hurt His kingdom. I was an orful rebel. Finally I was arrested an' thrown into a dark dungeon, an' while I was there I found out thet I was under sentence of death. I wept an' repented, but the dungeon was jest as dark as ever, an' death was starin' into my eyes when up rode a messenger from the King, bringin' a paper signed an' sealed, an' my name on it. It was my pardon! Jest read it over, will you? It's marked St. John 3:16."

Mr. Alton read the familiar words: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish."

"Then," went on the invalid, "arter I was a free man and had promised to serve the King, He actually adopted me right into His own glorious family, an' the paper was drawn up an' made as sure as eternity. I love thet paper, too. It's labeled Romans 8:15. Please read it."

The minister turned the leaves with a new glow in his own soul, and read: "Ye received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father."

"Now those next papers air wonderfully comfortin' to look over," said Uncle Stephen, "the three thet I've tied together, the insurance policies — accident an' life an' fire insurances. There's Romans 8:28."

"And we know that to them that love God, all things work together for good," read Mr. Alton.

"Thet's the accident policy," said Uncle Stephen, with the simple joyousness of a care-free child in his voice. "St. John 11:26 is the life insurance."

"Whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die." Mr. Alton's own voice had caught the ring of triumph in that of the aged conqueror on the bed.

"Bless the Lord!" cried Uncle Stephen. "Now let me hear the third. It's marked 2 Peter 3:12."

Somehow the solemn words had never seemed so real to Mr. Alton before, as he read them slowly to his friend: "Looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God, by reason of which the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. But, according to the promise, we look for a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness."

"I hope I ain't keepin' you too long," said Uncle Stephen, "but I must hev you glance at that will there. You see my Elder Brother, the King's own Son, died, an' made a will in my favor. Oh, glory to God! Jest think of that, dominie! You kin glance over the items — 'My peace I leave with you,' an' 'Thet my joy may remain in you,' an' 'I will send the Comforter.' O Parson Alton, do you s'pose I was so foolish as to hev all that left to me an' not claim it nor git the good of it? Then there's a deed goes along with the will. You hev it there — John 14:2."

The minister did not need to turn the leaves. His eyes were full of tears of which he was not ashamed.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

"For me! for me! Oh, bless His glorious name forever!" There was an eloquent silence.

"And now," continued Uncle Stephen, "there's a lot of shares in thet blessed box. I'm a stockholder in some tremendous companies. You needn't look up all them papers today. They're all marked 'partakers.' Partakers of His 'sufferings,' of 'the heavenly calling,' of 'the divine nature,' of 'His holiness,' of 'the inheritance of the saints in light.' Jest lay thet treasure-box right over here on the bed beside me. Too heavy? No. It's heavy with the eternal weight of glory. Thank you, dominie, thank you kindly. 'Tain't much matter about the eyes, is it? nor the poor old bones, nor the lyin' awake of nights. I guess millionaires don't care very much if they hev to be away from hum jest over night an' things ain't jest as they air to hum. Good-by, dominie. Come again."

Uncle Stephen sank back in his pillows, weary but radiant, and the minister went down the street singing to himself:

"O child of God! O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!"

Bridgeport, Conn.

### These Hastening Years

HERE we are at the threshold of another year. Time has dealt gently by us. Our step may not be quite so sprightly nor our hair so black as a year ago, but the flush of health is on our cheek and the hope of life is in our heart. It is good to help our fellows welcome the coming of a new year.

Time past is never long. It is when we are looking ahead and fondly anticipating some future event that time seems long to us. A whole life-time, when passed, is but a hand-breath, or a fleeting vapor. We spend our years as a tale that is told.

It is easy to moralize on the value of time

and the correct use of it. The season of good resolutions is especially suggestive. Our part in the great world drama will soon be over. Every duty left unperformed will be charged against us forever.

The year now closing has been eventful. A more prosperous year has scarcely ever been known in America. Money has been made. The people are richer. The banks are swelling out with funds. Rates of interest are low. Debts are being paid. Work is plentiful and wages good.

The year just gliding in may be equally favorable. Every day of it may bring fortune to somebody. Suppose that it should bring riches to everybody. There would be a tightening of the grip on the perishing world, and that is all. The tendency of riches is to indispose the heart toward God.

Our prayer should be, not for wealth, not for fame, not even for pleasure, but for ability to make the most of life. We are passing away. Let us have the labors, the sacrifices, the obligations and the discipline that help to develop character and enrich the experience. A world that must be left forever pretty soon ought to furnish the conditions and the preparation for a peaceful exit. The words of one of old rise to our lips: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." — *Michigan Christian Advocate.*

### DECEMBER

Nay, no closed doors for me,  
But open doors and open hearts and glee  
To welcome young and old.

Dimmest and brightest month am I;  
My short days end, my lengthening days  
begin;  
What matters more or less seen in the sky,  
When all is seen within?

Ivy and privet dark as night,  
I weave with hips and haws a cheerful  
show,  
And holly for a beauty and delight,  
And milky mistletoe.

While high above them all I set  
Yew twigs and Christmas roses pure and  
pale;  
Then spring, her snowdrop and her violet,  
May keep so sweet and frail;

May keep each merry, singing bird  
Of all her happy birds that singing build;  
For I've a carol which some shepherds  
heard  
Once in a wintry field.

— *Christina G. Rossetti.*

### Seamy Side of Christmas

NOW that Christmas is over, it is instructive to take stock of its total result. There has been much of kindly remembrance, of exchange of gifts, and of real benevolence. But these things have been almost swamped by the flood of catch-penny business, artificially stimulated at this season until it breaks all bounds. So many people have been absorbed in shopping, and carried off their feet in the holiday rush, that they have not had time for a thought of Bethlehem and the first Christmas. Their eyes have never seen the Star in the East. Their nearest approach to the supernatural has been a glimpse of a cheap and grotesque Santa Claus in a store window. All the beautiful poetry and promise of the Advent have been blotted out by the feverish spending of money on things they could not well afford to buy for people who did not really want them.

Such a travesty on the real Christmas helps us to understand, in part at least, the old Puritan spirit which straitly banished the whole festival as a piece of pagan mummery and extravagance. How different it might be! To remember the Christ Child; to feel the pulses stir with new

kindliness toward all men because of the song of the angels; to remember one's friends with gifts which are the expression of love, and not of a strained pocket-book; to stop for a holiday, and make it a holy day; to get aside from the world while one thinks of Him whose coming is the world's only hope; to be quietly joyful and content and refreshed with new love for one's fellows—this it is to keep Christmas in spirit. It would bankrupt some dealers in fancy goods, but it would enrich the world.

— *Epworth Herald*.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### AFTER CHRISTMAS

The tree that had served in the parlor,  
The pride of the girls and the boys,  
Festooned all over with popcorn,  
And hung with candles and toys,  
With its glits taken off from the branches,  
Was being removed the next day,  
While every child in the household  
Was watching its journey away.

Then Lillian said to the others,  
As they met by the door of the hall,  
"Let us carry it down to the garden,  
And stand it up there by the wall;  
And then we can play when we want to  
That Christmas is coming again."  
"Oh, yes, let us do so!" said Lucy.  
"All right!" echoed Charley and Ben.

With chorus of shouting and laughter,  
The tree to the garden they drew;  
And, placing it straight in a corner,  
They festooned the popcorn anew.  
A telephone must have been near them  
That understood what they had planned,  
For the news of what they were doing  
Spread quickly abroad in the land.

And soon from the west came a sparrow,  
And another soon came from the east,  
While flocks from the northward and southward  
Arrived to claim shares of the feast;  
And chickadees came from the thickets  
In sprightliest holiday mood,  
With pigeons from neighboring farm-  
yards,  
And how they all chattered and cooed!

"Oh, now for some fun!" said the children,  
Delighted their coming to see.  
"We'll fix up a lot of nice presents  
And hang for them round on the tree!"  
Then packing their bundles of tidbits,  
With merriest clamor of words,  
They played Christmas over and over,  
In ways that just suited the birds.

— M. E. N. HATHEWAY, in *Illustrated Home Journal*.

### SPRITE'S FROLIC

MARY A. SAWYER.

SPRITE didn't know it was New Year's Eve. Nor did she know that it was cold. She knew that the cook muttered and grumbled every time she was obliged to go into the pantry or to answer the area door-bell; she knew that the ice-man came in rubbing his ears and hands, and saying he didn't allow as folks needed ice when they were pretty nigh blocks of ice themselves; she knew that the meat-man said he'd have to chop his beef with an axe if this spell of weather lasted. All these things Sprite knew; for she kept her eyes and her ears wide open as she sat on the window-sill among the roses and geraniums Jane tended so carefully.

But she didn't know it was cold. *She* wasn't cold — *she* was warm. Why should she feel cold? Her white fur coat was thick and soft, her saucer of milk was hot and rich, her bits of steak were juicy and tender. Why should a cat who had just eaten so good a supper feel cold? Cold? Bitterly cold? No; 'twas just

the night for a frolic! And a frolic Sprite meant to have before she slept.

But how was she to get out of doors when Jane kept every door and window firmly closed and bolted? This was a question which seemed serious to Sprite. A frolic up and down the stairs, in and out of the parlors, in and out of the sleeping rooms, did very well when the rain fell in torrents or the wind blew the snow in solid, heaped-up drifts. But on a clear, starry night a frolic out in the air was what a cat really needed. And Sprite meant to have it.

So she sat down by the stove where the tea biscuits were browning in the oven, and the steak was broiling to a turn over the red-hot coals, and demurely watched Jane as she beat her egg into the coffee and poured on the boiling water.

"I'll wait," Sprite said to herself. "If it takes me all night, I'll have that frolic. But I shan't have to wait all night, for Master Dick hasn't come yet, and when he comes in, I'll slip out."

So she waited patiently. The heat of the fire made her feel sleepy at times, but she tossed her head defiantly, opened her eyes wider than ever, and sat up very erect and watched Jane's brisk movements, and waited for Master Dick's quick, impatient ring.

By and by it came. First a loud, resounding peal; then a succession of impatient raps; then a handful of frozen snow against the window-pane.

"Master Dick's cold, I reckon," said Jane; "he'll have to wait, though, till I turn this steak. I'm not going to let it burn to a cinder, I know."

Sprite waited anxiously. At last Jane threw her apron over her head and started for the door. Sprite followed softly; and then, as she had planned, when Master Dick came in, she dashed out into the wintry night.

Cold? No! 'Twas just the night for a frolic!

Still there was no hurry about it, Sprite decided. She might as well sit down on the doorstep a minute and get her breath. Slipping out, unperceived by Jane, who would most certainly have called her back, had been cautious work, so it was no wonder that Sprite's breath had almost left her. But there was plenty of time to get calm before she began her frolic.

Cold? Bitterly cold? Sprite laughed to herself as she listened to Master Dick's account of the weather.

"I should rather guess it *was* cold!" he said, replying to Jane's question, as he hung up his hat and coat in the lower hall. "It's just the coldest night that ever was known. Everything's frozen just solid, I tell you. But it's just the night for a skate, so I hope you've got something good and hot for a fellow's supper. Steak? First-rate! Put a lot of butter on mine, please, Jane. Muffins? Good! Coffee? Prime! Oysters? Splendid!"

Then, as Jane withdrew into the kitchen, he called: "Hullo, Jane! I say, Jane, don't forget some of that quince marmalade for me! It's precious good, and a fellow's got to keep the fires burning such a night as this, I tell you!"

Cold? No! 'Twas just the night for a frolic! What could Master Dick mean,

Sprite wondered. How *could* any one be cold?

Presently Sprite stepped daintily out upon the hard, glittering snow. The street was very quiet. Now and then a grocer's cart rattled noisily past, and now and then people appeared, walking rapidly, and swinging their arms, and muffling up their throats.

Sprite ran up the outer steps, seated herself upon the top one, and looked around her. Glancing across the street, she saw a large black dog standing in front of one of the houses. Instantly her eyes glowed with anger. "That ill-mannered cur of Dr. Bright's!" she said to herself. "Very strange that I never can take a run in the evening without meeting him! Let him come over here if he likes. I'll give him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry. I'll teach him to keep his distance. Oh, ho! slinking into the house, is he? Lucky for him! Lucky for him!"

Sprite watched him until he disappeared within the brightly-lighted hall. "Coward!" she muttered, "afraid of me!" Then she thought of her intended frolic. "Let me see," she meditated. "What shall I do? I might go down for Sally Lunn, I suppose, but she's a stupid, sleepy creature, so there wouldn't be much fun in racing with her. Poor thing! She don't get half enough to eat, and she never did know how to trap mice. Poor Sally! I greatly fear she'll never get on in the world. Then I might — ah! ah! what! what!"

Sprite's eyes flashed through the wintry darkness as she looked toward the street-lamp. "They're rats!" she said to herself, while she quivered with this new excitement. "Rats! half a dozen rats! What sport! I'll give them a chase! I'll make them squeal!"

Hardly daring to breathe, Sprite crept cautiously down the icy steps and on toward the black objects that were darting hither and thither below the flaring gas.

Slowly and stealthily she moved nearer and nearer to them, nearer and nearer — and then, with a deep, low cry, she sprang upon the one that seemed to have the most animation!

She pounced upon it fiercely and suddenly. She expected it to scream, to try to get away from her, to struggle, as other rats had done. But, greatly to her surprise, it did not turn, it did not cry, it did not attempt to escape.

Sprite held it firmly pinned to the pavement for a few minutes, during which her breath came in quick, panting gasps. Then she loosened her grip upon it, and turned away from it in great disgust, for she liked her enemy to make a spirited resistance, and sprang upon another.

It did not turn, it did not cry, it made no effort to escape!

Sprite tried a third foe. Strange to say, it also made no sign of fear!

Sprite could not understand these strange, darting creatures. She sprang upon each one of the others with the same surprising result, that not one made the slightest show of resistance, not the faintest attempt at escape.

"What strange rats!" thought Sprite. "Where could they have come from?"



But I know what I'll do! I'll bite them! That will put a little spirit into them, I fancy!"

So she once again sprang upon one and tried to close her sharp white teeth upon its head. It did not move, it uttered no cry of pain or fear. Stranger even than this, Sprite could not feel sure that she had found its head. Where was its head? Where was its flesh? Had the creature no bones?

Sprite retreated a few steps and looked at them thoughtfully. She confessed to herself that she could not understand these strange, darting, boneless, fleshless rats. They moved; they darted hither and thither constantly. One of them was under her right forefoot now! Yet she could not feel its flesh, she could not feel its bones.

Sprite stood still and looked down upon it with angry, glittering eyes. This was really becoming a serious affair. Here were these strange rats, coming from some unheard-of place, defying her—a cat who had never yet been vanquished by rats; a cat who never would be vanquished by rats. Rats!

"Defying me!" Sprite muttered, indignantly; "daring to defy me—daring to think I'll be conquered by rats! Rats, indeed! No, not by dozens upon dozens of them!"

She waited a few minutes longer. Then she came to a decision. "I'll try them once again," she said to herself; "they must have bones somewhere about them. I'll crack them, I'll grind them to powder once I get my teeth upon them. I'll teach them to defy me!"

So, nothing daunted, she sprang again upon one and closed her teeth fiercely upon it. But again she could feel nothing but the cold, hard snow.

"I never knew such rats," she panted, "never! Rats never slipped away from my claws before. I don't believe they are rats. Rats never lived who could stand my bites without a squeak. They can't be rats. What are the horrid creatures—the brutes, the sly, ill-mannered brutes? They must be rats! They are rats! They are alive! They're chasing each other now. What fun! I'll try them again!"

So, for more than an hour Sprite ran back and forth from the doorstep, now springing cautiously and stealthily upon them, now jumping with fierce, impatient anger upon their heads, now dealing them heavy blows with her strong paws, and now throwing herself down and rolling heavily upon them.

Still, to her anger and surprise, they showed no traces of her cruel treatment. No cry or groan of distress came from them. They darted hither and thither, this way and that, up and down under the flaring gas, just as wildly, just as friskily, at the end of the hour as when Sprite's bright eyes first fell upon them.

"Dear! dear!" cried Sprite at last. "Was ever any cat treated so shamefully before? Horrid creatures! Spiteful brutes!"

"But," she continued, with flashing eyes and quivering muscles, "I'll not give in. I'll spring upon the whole of them at once. I'll worry them! I'll teach them a lesson!"

She walked slowly and deliberately

away from them. She climbed the icy steps, and, seating herself upon the top one, looked up and down the street, up through the bare, leafless elm to the clear, starry sky, and then at the brightly lighted windows of her master's house. But never once did she turn her eyes upon them. She sat there for five or ten minutes, apparently forgetful of them; and then, gathering her strength for a sudden, swift, downward leap, she uttered a fierce, hoarse, triumphant cry, and sprang into their midst.

"Hi! Yi! Here's a go!" shouted one of a group of young boys who came suddenly around the corner. "Here's a cat chasing shadows! Why, it's our Sprite! Well, Sprite, you are a smart one, that's a fact!"

Dick's discovery was greeted with a peal of laughter; and all the group of merry lads stopped and watched indignant Sprite in her resolute and persistent efforts to catch and bite and rend and destroy the strange, darting shadows that made no moan or cry, that made no attempt at resistance and escape, that had neither flesh nor bones. They watched her, and laughed, loudly and more loudly, merrily and more merrily, until, at last, poor Sprite became more indignant with them than she had been with the strange, baffling rats, that were rats, and yet were not rats.

At last, with angry, glittering eyes, she turned and fled to the familiar doorstep. With a cheer for Sprite's pluck, with a rousing, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" for the Old Year, and a "Three times three, boys!" for the New, the lads passed down the quiet street; while Sprite watched them and said to herself, indignantly: "I should have caught every one of them that time if it hadn't been for those noisy boys. I know I should. They couldn't have borne the bites I was giving them much longer."

Dick leaped up the steps and caught Sprite in his arms, and held her firmly until Jane opened the door. Then he carried her upstairs into the parlor, and told the family, with renewed bursts of laughter, how Sprite had been celebrating New Year's Eve.

But Sprite didn't care. Not even when all the members of the family joined in Dick's merriment, and said: "Why, Sprite, what a silly little cat you are! Don't you know a shadow from a rat, Sprite? Don't you know that shadows cannot be caught, Sprite?"

Care? Not she. Had she not done her best? Why should she care, pray?

Care? No! Sprite purred, and walked back and forth in front of the glowing coal-fire, and appeared as happy and as triumphant as if she had really caught those strange, darting, shadow-rats.

Besides, she had had her frolic; and as she looked into one and another of the smiling faces, her eyes grew large and dark, and she seemed to say, "I could have caught them—every one of them—had not those noisy boys interfered. No rat has ever escaped me yet. No rat ever shall escape me."

Presently she paused before her master and looked intently at him; and then she leaped upon his shoulder and rubbed her soft face against his cheek.

"Well, well, my little Sprite," he said, taking her into his arms and stroking her tenderly. "Good Sprite! So Sprite has been chasing shadows, has she? Well, well, lots of people spend their entire lives doing that, don't they, Sprite? Well, well! Master Dick must be careful lest he do the same, mustn't he, Sprite? Well, well!"

Sprite purred very loudly and rolled herself into a fluffy white ball. And Master Dick laughed; but in his heart he wondered what his father meant. Do you?

Boston, Mass.

## OUR DAISY CHAIN



Daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Henry Candler

Did you think our "Daisy Chain" was broken, because no bright-eyed "daisy" has peeped out from this column for two weeks? Nothing of the kind, dear little people. Lots of "daisies" are awaiting their turn to blossom in this little garden-plot. A Book Number and a Christmas Number of the HERALD have, for the past fortnight, pre-empted the space.

And who is this sweet little girl? Her name is Bessie Main Candler. Her papa is the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Stratford, N. H. She is three years old. She was born in Yonkers, N. Y., and went to live in Bow, N. H., when she was five weeks old. The winters in New Hampshire are very severe and bitterly cold, but Bessie went with her papa and mamma to meetings, riding for miles through storms and snowdrifts. One very cold night her face was frost-bitten. Several times she was thrown out in the snow, the sleigh being upset. The parsonage was situated in a lonely spot, and Bessie's mamma was afraid to stay alone with her baby daughter, so Bessie had to be carried along. She now goes to Sunday-school all alone, and remembers the Golden Text. She has a little sister four months old, Martha Maryon, of whom she is very fond.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## First Quarter Lesson I

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1903.

ACTS 16: 22-34.

[Read Acts 15: 36-16: 40.]

## PAUL AND SILAS AT PHILIPPI

## I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.* — Acts 16: 31.2. **DATE:** A. D. 51.3. **PLACE:** Philippi, in Macedonia.

4. **CIRCUMSTANCES:** We return to the narrative of Paul at Philippi, where we took leave of him six months ago. Many converts were gathered there. The Jews were not numerous in that city, and therefore the apostles escaped persecution. To the church here founded in these brief weeks Paul subsequently addressed that well-known epistle which contains but few warnings and "not a word of blame." But hindrance to the good work in this city came from an unexpected quarter. A female slave — a fortune-teller, who appears to have been owned by a syndicate of masters, and who practiced upon the credulity of the Philippians by her demoniac ravings and gestures which were attributed to the agency of Apollo and therefore gained for her a superstitious reverence — was attracted one day to the apostles as they passed along the street. Whether she followed them and listened to their teaching, or whether the spirit within her felt compelled to acknowledge the presence of the Master in His servants (as had been the case when in the days of His flesh they encountered Him), we know not; but the narrative says that for several days she disturbed the apostles by calling public attention to them as the servants of the Most High God who taught the way of salvation. Paul and Silas were not ashamed of the Name or the cause, but they liked not this incessant repetition of it from such a quarter, and Paul finally put a stop to it by exorcising the evil spirit. It was a kindness to the woman to be restored to her right mind, but she ceased to be of profit to her owners; and they, "touched in their pockets," resented it. At this point our lesson begins.

5. **HOME READINGS.** *Monday* — Acts 16: 16-24. *Tuesday* — Acts 16: 25-40. *Wednesday* — Acts 5: 17-32. *Thursday* — Acts 12: 1-12. *Friday* — 1 Thess. 2: 1-12. *Saturday* — John 3: 9-17. *Sunday* — 1 Pet. 1: 1-11.

## II Introductory

Paul had exorcised the evil spirit of the fortune-teller, and made her profitless to her masters (see Circumstances above). The latter, therefore, indignant and excited, seized Paul and Silas, hustled them into the forum, and laid a charge against them before the praetors: These men are alien, Jews, peace-disturbers; they are teaching customs unlawful for us Romans to observe. The race hatred of the surrounding mob was at once aflame. The Jews were in bad odor; they had recently been expelled from Rome; why should not a *colonia* of Rome copy the intolerance of the mother city? So the rulers ordered the lictors to strip the prisoners and scourge them; and this cruel punishment having been inflicted, "bleeding and faint from the rod," they were turned over to the city jailer for safe keeping, who, taking his cue from the behavior of his superiors, put the innocent sufferers into the inner ward and fastened their feet to the stocks. In this cramped position they could not sleep, and, left to darkness, they could see nothing; but they did not complain or repine. A victorious strength came to them in their hour of need as they prayed, and ere long their exultant

hymns were heard in the surrounding cells. Never had such sounds been heard in the old dungeon of Philippi. Curses were common enough, but not "songs in the night." And while they sang and while the prisoners listened, the "gates of brass" were broken, the "bars of iron" smitten assunder. An earthquake shook the city. Locks were snapped; staples were wrenched out; the doors were swung open. The prisoners could have availed themselves of this unexpected jail-delivery; the jailer, naturally enough, supposed they had. With a Roman's keen sense of disgrace he drew his sword. The next moment he would have fallen upon it. But the suicidal act was stayed by Paul's voice. Through his open door the apostle saw the jailer's gesture of despair, and interpreted it. "Do thyself no harm," he cried, "we are all here." Snatched from death, the man's heart was softened. Something unusual about these prisoners besides what the woman had said about them touched him. All these things the Spirit used to convince him of his need of repentance and forgiveness. Procuring lights, he hastened to Paul and Silas, and, trembling with agitation, unlocked their feet and brought them out of the loathsome cell into his own comfortable quarters. There he tenderly washed their wounds, and gave them food, and inquired of them what he should do to be saved. Gladly they pointed him to Jesus. He and his house believed and were baptized.

## III Expository

22, 23. **Multitude rose up together.** — The passions of the mob were excited on hearing these accusations — that the Jewish strangers were teaching customs which were unlawful for Romans to practice. **Magistrates** — "the praetors, for so the *duum viri*, or twin magistrates, claimed to be called" (Whedon). **Rent off their clothes** (R. V., "rent their clothes off them") — that is, ordered the lictors to tear off the clothes of Paul and Silas preparatory to scourging them. **To beat them.** — R. V. adds, "with rods." When they had laid many stripes upon them — upon Paul and Silas; Timothy and Luke, not being principals, were passed over. "The Roman custom was to inflict blows with rods upon the naked body (Livy 2: 5). In his catalogue of the sufferings he had endured (2 Cor. 11: 25) Paul relates how thrice he was beaten with rods, and of the Jews five times had he received forty stripes save one (Deut. 25: 3). It is happy for us that few modern countries know, by the example of a similar punishment, what the severity of a Roman scourging was. Well might St. Paul, when at Corinth, look back to this day of cruelty, and remind the Thessalonians how he and Silas had suffered before, and were shamefully entreated at Philippi" (Howson).

Roman law did by most solemn sanctions decree that to the magistrates it should pertain to forbid all foreign rites, and banish all priestlings and prophets or preachers from the forum, circus or city, and should abolish every sacrificial institute not established by ancient Roman custom. All who imported new or unrecognized religions, whether in doctrine or ceremony, by which men's minds were disturbed, should be punished — the nobler by banishment, the humbler by death. Such was the law our apostles were bound to face (Whedon). — But the whole charge was pure hypocrisy; for as these men would have let the missionaries preach what religion they pleased if they had not dried up the source of their gains, so they conceal the real cause of their rage under

color of a zeal for religion and law and good order (J., F. and B.).

24. **Thrust** (R. V., "cast") them into the inner prison — the dungeon, dark, cold, stifling, pestilential. **Made their feet fast in the stocks** — "an instrument of torture as well as of confinement, consisting of a heavy piece of wood with holes into which the feet were placed in such a manner that they were stretched widely apart so as to cause the sufferer great pain. Frequently the stocks had five holes — two for the feet, two for the hands, and one for the neck" (Revision Commentary).

25. **And at midnight** — R. V., "but about midnight." Paul and Silas prayed (R. V., "were praying") and sang (R. V., "were singing") praises. — Says Tertullian: "The limbs do not feel the stocks when the heart is in heaven." "Peter sleeps in prison between the two soldiers; Paul and Silas sing in the stocks; they cannot raise their hands or bend their knees in prayer, but they can lift up their heart and voice to heaven. Such is the power of joy in the Holy Ghost." (Wordsworth). "To every Jew as to every Christian the Psalms of David furnished an inexhaustible store-house of sacred song" (Farrar). **Prisoners heard** (R. V., "were listening"). — "It may be that, as is usually the case, there was some awful hush and heat in the air — a premonition of the coming catastrophe" (Farrar). "This perfect triumph of the spirit of peace and joy over shame and agony was an omen of what Christianity would afterwards effect" (Farrar).

26. **Suddenly . . . a great earthquake** — God's "solemn amen" to the prisoners' praises "while they sang verses which 'out of the deeps' called on Jehovah, or triumphantly told how God had 'burst the gates of brass and smitten the bars of iron in sunder'" (Farrar). **Doors . . . opened and every one's bands were loosed.** — "Their chains were loosed, not by the earthquake, but by miraculous interference over and above it. Doubtless there were gracious purposes in this for those prisoners who before were listening to the praises of Paul and Silas; and the very form of the narrative, mentioning this listening, shows subsequent communication between some one of these and the narrator" (Alford).

27. **The keeper of the prison** — the jailer. **Drew his sword** — concluding that his prisoners had escaped, and that, according to Roman law, he was personally responsible for their punishment. "He determined, by self-murder, to anticipate his doom. Howson remarks that Philippi is famous in the annals of suicide, and quotes

## Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism — that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

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the examples of a large number of voluntary deaths after the great battle of Philippi had destroyed the hopes of the old Republicans" (Revision Commentary).

28. Paul cried in a loud voice — arresting the attention of the despairing man. Do thyself no harm — "a new thing in the world for a prisoner to be solicitous about the bodily and spiritual welfare of his jailer" (Riddle); "a memorable caution which Christianity addresses, not only to this desperate purposer of suicide, but to every man who is ruining himself by sin, whether in health, in estate, in body, in intellect, in soul. All sinners are suicides" (Whedon).

29, 30. Called for a light (R. V., "lights") — "lamps, several, in order to light up and strictly search everything" (Meyer). Sprang in — to the inner prison. And came trembling — R. V., "and trembling for fear." Fell down before Paul and Silas — in a conflict of emotions, the principal of which was a sense of spiritual danger. Brought them out — into the fresh air of the court, probably. Sirs — literally, "lords;" his question shows deep reverence. What must I do to be saved? — not from punishment; the prisoners were safe. "He is aware that these men claim to be the servants of God, that they propose to teach the way of salvation. It would be nothing strange if he had heard the Gospel from their own lips, and now suddenly an event had taken place which convinces him in a moment that the things which he had heard were realities; it was the last argument, perhaps, which he needed to give certainty to a mind already inquiring, hesitating" (Hackett).

31, 32. Believe on the Lord Jesus. — "Of how many sermons have not these words been the text, and to how many souls have they not been as a guiding star to Christ! Faith is here made the only condition to salvation. The faith was not a bare assent, but an energy in the heart, changing it, or, as Peter put it before the council at Jerusalem, cleansing it (Acts 15:9). This doctrine — that we are saved by faith — was ever prominent in Paul's theology, as it was afterwards in that of the reformer, Martin Luther" (Revision Commentary). And thy house — if they also believed. They spake . . . the word of the Lord. — "Deeply impressed, the man at once assembled his household in a little congregation, and, worn and weary, and suffering as they were, Paul and Silas spoke to them of Him by whom they were to find salvation" (Farrar).

33, 34. Same hour of the night — midnight (verse 25). Washed their stripes and was baptized. — "The jailer washed them and he was washed himself; he washed them from their stripes, and he was

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washed from his sins" (Chrysostom). He and all his — the family slaves probably included. Set meat — "a lovefeast in the jailer's house" (Lindsay). Rejoiced (R. V. adds "greatly") — because of the new faith and sense of deliverance. "This representation of faith in Jesus as the precursor of joy is frequent in the Acts (8:39, etc.). It may be remarked here that the church at Philippi, of which the jailer's household and that of Lydia were the nucleus, was very dear to Paul. From his imprisonment in Rome he wrote the Epistle to the Philippians, which is one of the most cheerful and buoyant productions in all literature" (Revision Commentary).

The next morning the magistrates learned what had taken place in the prison, and sent officers to release Paul and Silas. But Paul refused to go in that semi-clandestine manner. It was necessary for the sake of his work in the future, and for the good of the young church, that the missionaries be publicly exonerated. Paul, therefore, made use of his Roman citizenship, and charges the magistrates of the city with breaking the Roman law in three particulars. They had "beaten" Roman citizens "publicly," "uncondemned." The crime was regarded as high treason, and those who committed it were liable to degradation from office, confiscation of property, and perhaps death. Cicero, in his oration against Verres, declares: "It is a misdeed to bind a Roman citizen, a crime to scourge him; it is almost parricide that he should be executed." The rulers came themselves and released the prisoners, at the same asking them to leave the city, which they did (Peloubet).

#### IV Illustrative

1. The creators of all the religions of the world have had to fight with the world, and knew first its manger and then its cross. Buddha, born in the inn, has to leave it and become a tramp before he can do his reformatory work. The almost penniless Socrates was dismissed by the world with the draught of poison. Nearly all the creative political geniuses have come from the outhouses beyond the precincts of the inn. They have to begin in the manger and eat the bread of sorrows. They are first neglected, then derided, then stared at, then envied (Hopps).

2. Who can estimate the effect of the Lutheran chorale, "Ein feste Burg," which caused whole towns and cities to embrace the Reformed faith; of the "Cairn," with its ghastly association of tumbrel and guillotine, or of the still more powerful "Marseillaise." These three tunes have varied the course of history (Sir A. Sullivan).

3. The Sultan or Turkey took 30,000 Persian prisoners in battle, and decreed they must die. Before the day of execution one

prisoner played so sweetly on the flute that the Sultan said, "Play that again." The Sultan's heart was melted, and he said, "Let that man — let them all go free" (Talmage).

4. He is the great sympathetic nerve of the church, over which all the oppressions and sufferings of His people distinctly pass; nor does the mysterious instrument of sensation in the human body convey more correctly to the sensorium a sense of the condition of the extremest part of the frame than Christ apprehends and attends to the wants of every member of His church (Dr. Harris).

5. Faith is the bucket by which a man can draw water out of the wells of salvation and drink to his heart's content. It cannot scale the dreadful precipice down which nature has fallen, but it can lay hold of the rope which grace has let down even into its hands from the top, and which can draw up all the burden faith can bind to it (Spurgeon).

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## OUR BOOK TABLE

**The Ascent of the Soul.** By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. The Outlook Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

Since Dr. Bradford is admittedly one of the leaders in the Congregational denomination, when he adds another volume to his already large literary output, it can but attract wide attention, and be examined for indications of the trend of the times. We have so examined it, and we observe, without surprise—for the previous volumes tell the same story—that Dr. Bradford, like Dr. George A. Gordon and many other prominent Congregationalists, has heartily accepted the Universalist view of the future of the race, or what is so strikingly like it as not to be differentiated from it by the ordinary mind. In almost every chapter of this elaborate study of the soul appears the strongly expressed hope and belief that to all men will be given at last the beatific vision and the realization of the fullness of Christ. This is "the divine plan for humanity;" "God and His love cannot be defeated;" "Sin is an incident in the ascent of the soul, and not an end;" "The Deity is to be interpreted in terms of fatherhood." He praises men "who have dared to trust their hearts," and fully justifies, in an extended chapter, praying for the dead, "even for the wicked, that the disciplinary processes through which they are passing may some time and somehow lead them to submit their wills to the love and truth of God." Since all are certain to thus submit their wills—"every soul of man will reach a blissful goal"—it would seem that our prayers, on this theory, should rather be for the hastening of the process or the cutting short of Purgatory, quite in the Roman Catholic style. We cannot accept or recommend the practice, deeming it fraught with much danger. We cannot accept mere fatherhood as an adequate explanation of the whole character of God; nor do we deem it safe for fallen humanity to trust its heart exclusively, that is, its wishes and hopes, when making up its creed as to sin's desert and tendency. The facts of the universe do not appear to us to bear out these extremely optimistic views, and they are certainly very perilous in their effect on the ordinary man, already so prone to believe that God is too good to be severe with him, no matter what he does. It is probably a remnant of the old Calvinistic over-insistence on God's supreme sovereignty that throws so many Congregationalists into Universalism. The Methodist emphasis on the freedom of the human will must be retained as a safeguard against harmful looseness in this matter of future destiny.

**A Quiver of Arrows:** Being Characteristic Sermons of David James Burrell, D. D., LL. D. Selected and Epitomized by Thomas Douglas, Ph. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York. Price, \$1.20 net.

We have here four textual sermons, sixteen expository sermons, twenty-eight topical sermons, nine doctrinal sermons, five biographical sermons, three ethical sermons, two sociological sermons, and three anniversary sermons, or seventy in all, with topical index and an introduction by Dr. Wayland Hoyt. Lovers of the old Gospel delight to frequent the Marble Collegiate Church of New York city, where these sermons were preached. Dr. Burrell's trumpet gives a very certain sound on all the fundamentals of salvation, as is fitting. He roundly denounces the saloon and the Sunday newspaper. He is a champion of orthodoxy, and yet we discover no traces of Calvinism in these discourses, which is a significant sign of the times. At a few points we regret to see that his animosity against some phases of modern thought has blinded his eyes and obscured his judgment. He sets the Bible in direct antagonism to evolution, wholly oblivious of the

fact that the latter deals only with methods and not with origins. "If Darwin is right," he says, "man is the product of insensate laws acting on dead atoms." Not so. No one claims that mere laws produce anything. The maker of the laws must, of course, be the producer. Man is made, not by law, but in accordance with law. Dr. Burrell has also the hardihood to assert that "what is said in the Bible of science is accurate." What can the man be thinking of? The Bible gives an accurate portraiture of the science of the day when it was written, inevitably; but whoever says that its science is accurate measured by the improved knowledge of the present day, turns himself into a laughing-stock, and harms the Bible instead of helping it. No good can come of such absurd claims.

**God's Goodness and Severity;** or, Endless Punishment. By Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, 25 cents.

Fundamental Christian doctrines are interestingly discussed in this book by the members of a literary club in a populous New England town. By thus infusing the element of personality into the book the author gains a stronger hold upon the attention of his readers. The various aspects of God's goodness and severity are treated, the closing address dealing with and disposing of all the objections that can be brought forward in opposition to the doctrine of endless punishment for the impenitent wicked. We commend the book to all who wish to obtain a rational and Scriptural view of this very important doctrine.

**The Glory and Joy of the Resurrection.** By James Patton, D. D. American Tract Society: New York. Price, \$1.

The place and value of the resurrection in the life and teaching of apostolic men and apostolic days is the central theme of this book. It is carefully traced through the Gospels, Acts, and the Epistles, in a way that gives this supreme fact new power and vitality in the mind of the present-day Christian. The book is decidedly free from the antique notions which one instinctively associates with a publication on this subject, and is sufficiently controversial to be quite interesting.

**Istar of Babylon.** By Margaret Horton Potter. Harper & Bros.: New York and London. Price, \$1.50.

Charmides, a young Greek rhapsode, hearing a story of the living goddess, Istar of Babylon, becomes inspired with the desire to see and worship her, and sets out from his home in Selinous to make the long and dangerous journey to Babylon. His experiences and adventures en route to and in Babylon, together with the occurrences in the Oriental court life revolving around Belshazzar and the incarnate goddess, constitute the principal elements of the story. A grand climax is reached in the feast of Belshazzar, the handwriting on the wall, the interpretation by Daniel, and the overthrow of the Great City by Cyrus. The book is absorbingly interesting. In some respects it resembles "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis," particularly in the descriptions of ancient pomp and the peculiar customs of the people. The central motif, however, is quite different. In the books named the Christ ideal dominates, while in this story the controlling force is the idea of a pagan goddess, "Istar," the archetype of womanhood, who is made mortal as a punishment for having doubted the mercy of God. As mortal she suffers greatly, and just before her restoration to her lost estate in the spirit world, she says: "Man and man, as man and God, are bound by those ties of eternal love that made the covenant of creation. Consciously or unconsciously, all living things must live with this as their law, for they are God's children,

God's brothers, God himself sent forth to wander for awhile in time, but in the end returning to their eternal source, which is God. All the sin, all the sorrow of the world, I have known, have suffered. Yet no loss or grief can take away the great joy of love, its purity, its perfection. I acknowledge the wisdom of the All-Father displayed in His creation. Let Him do with me as He will." While this declaration may be accepted, with some qualifications, as a summing up of the Christ ideal, we fear that in the outworking of the story it is overshadowed by the prominence given to the sensual and the spectacular.

**Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** By Rudolph Erich Raspe. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: New York. Price, 60 cents.

This neat little volume is a new printing of the marvelous adventures of Baron Munchausen, in the pleasing style of the "Children's Favorite Classics." The text has been carefully edited to make it entirely suited to childish minds, without, however, sacrificing any of the material. The Baron's adventures have been a source of merriment ever since they were first published more than a century ago, and his name has become a synonym for a peculiar type of veracity that admits of no question.

**The Young Volcano Explorers;** or, American Boys in the West Indies. "Pan American Series." By Edward Stratemeyer. Lee & Shepard: Boston. Price, \$1.

This is a complete tale in itself, but has the same characters which have appeared so successfully in "Lost on the Orinoco." The boys, with their tutor, who is an old hunter and traveler, sail from Venezuela to the West Indies, stopping at Jamaica, Cuba, Hayti, and Porto Rico. They have numerous adventures on the way, and then set out for St. Pierre, Martinique, to join the fathers of two of the lads. On approaching the ill-fated island they encounter the effects of the eruption of Mt. Pelée, and two of the boys are left on a raft to shift for themselves. Later on the adventurous party does some thrilling volcano exploring, in an endeavor to locate the boys' parents, who have disappeared. The book contains a vivid description of

## Think Hard

## It Pays to Think about Food

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, as illustrated in the experience of a lady who resides in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed, and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose, and many other remedies, but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast of coffee, cakes, or hot biscuit, and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally, and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time, my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum, for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. I like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts, and by making Postum according to directions it cannot be distinguished from the highest grade of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



the destruction of St. Pierre, and likewise of the havoc wrought on the island of St. Vincent.

**Alwyn Ravendale.** By Evelyn Everett-Green. American Tract Society: New York. Price, \$1.25.

A fine grade of religious fiction is being sent out by the American Tract Society. It is delightfully free from the "goody-goodness" which so often makes books of this kind offensive to strong and aggressive young people. There is nothing of this sort in "Alwyn Ravendale." The hero is a live boy and young man who lives a natural flesh-and-blood life, meets with good fortune, has a very realistic love affair, and interesting experiences generally. It teaches religious principles by suggestion and example rather than by direct moralizing. The editors have exhibited commendable wisdom in selecting a production of this kind and placing it within the reach of American young people.

**The Gift of the Magic Staff.** By Fannie E. Osterlander. With illustrations by Will Driggins and decorations by Ella S. Brison. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York. Price, \$1.

Paul's adventures in two wonderlands, related in this pretty volume by the author of "Baby Goose," will be eagerly devoured by the little lovers of fairy tales. Paul was down in the garden under the stunted apple tree when he first became acquainted with the little Green Man who gave him the magic staff. To find out what the magic staff did, and all about the Fairy Mother, the Greedy Boy's Cave, the Fog Plain, the Cloud Elephant, the Rain Fairies, Santa Claus and his wife, you must read the book. It was a bit odd, wasn't it, that when St. Nick brought Paul home in his sledge he should drop him beneath the stunted apple tree?

**Miss Muffet's Christmas Party.** By Samuel McChord Crowther. Illustrations by Olive M. Long. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston.

In selecting a Christmas book for a small girl the purchaser need look no further than "Miss Muffet's Christmas Party." All the children's favorites are at the party: Alice and her friends from Wonderland, Sindbad the Sailor and the Forty Thieves, Mowgli and Bagheera, Rollo, Uncle Remus, Grimm's Company, Hans Christian Andersen's heroes, and many others. At the hour of the party they came from all the ends of "No-man's-land," in coaches, on horseback, or afoot, hastening to accept the invitation of Miss Muffet and the Spider. It is a thoroughly enjoyable book, the illustrations being particularly good and in entire sympathy with the text.

**Doctor Robin.** By Harriet A. Cheever. Dana Estes & Company: Boston. Price, 40 cents net.

Mrs. Cheever's pen has not been idle this year, as this third new book from her pen testifies. It is a delightful story for the little people, told in the first person by the bird hero, "Doctor Robin." The conception of a bird who understands the curative art, and applies healing herbs and cooling vegetable juices to the wounds of injured songsters, is indeed original. "Doctor Robin" will take his place by the side of "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," and "Madame

Angora," in inspiring a greater love and sympathy for birds and beasts. The illustrations by Etheldred B. Barry are very effective.

**Rollieking Rhymes for Youngsters.** By Amos R. Wells. Fleming H. Revell Company: New York. Price, \$1.

Mr. Wells, one of the editors of the *Christian Endeavor World*, already well known as a versatile author, appears in this attractive volume as a verse-maker for little folks. The rhymes are very amusing, with bits of instruction and counsel tucked in here and there. The children will be fascinated with the book, which is charmingly illustrated in red and black by L. J. Bridgman.

**The Social Comedy.** Life Publishing Co.: New York.

There is a fund of entertainment between the rich, red covers of this beautiful large volume, wherein are gathered, on heavy calendered paper, choice full page drawings from *Life*—spirited, lifelike, each almost telling its own story without the bright and witty remarks and retorts which accompany them. "Society" may see itself as in a mirror by examining this extremely clever set of drawings.

**Young People's Songs of Praise** (with Epworth League Supplement). Compiled and arranged by D. Sankey. Biglow & Main Co.: New York and Chicago. Price, \$25 per 100.

Attractive music is a feature to be sought for in young people's meetings. "Young People's Songs of Praise" is a new collection specially designed for such services. It contains many new, and enough familiar pieces, all of a kind young people can and will sing heartily. The songs are simple, inspiring and joyous without being trivial in either words or music. There are several good solo numbers. The paper and binding are superior for books of this kind.

A beautiful set of books in the "Golden Hour Series," for young people, comes from Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Each is attractively bound, with illuminated cover and frontispiece. (Price, 50 cents each.) They include: *THE I CAN SCHOOL*, by Eva A. Madden (a sympathetic story of child life for girls); *MASTER FRISKY*, by Clarence W. Hawkes (a diverting story of a beautiful Scotch collie); *MOLLY*, by Barbara Yechton (the story of a little girl who had a very admirable quality—"pluck"); *THE WONDER SHIP*, by Sophie Swett (not a fairy story, but a humorous account of the sailing away of the Bunchberry twins on the Wonder Ship); *HOW THE TWINS CAPTURED A HESSIAN*, by James Otis (an amusing story, full of historic color, giving to the young mind a good picture of an important time); *DAISES AND DIGGLESES*, by Evelyn Raymond (a pleasing story of a little girl who planned the most beautiful summer outing for Digglese's Court); *MISS DE PEYSTER'S BOY*, by Etheldred B. Barry (quiet but genuine bravery and self-sacrifice are the lessons of this story, which recounts the experiences of Miss De Peyster, a worthy spinster, in bringing up an orphan boy); *THE CHILD AND THE TREE*, by Bessie Kenyon Ulrich (a series of clever sketches, in which the character and uses of various trees are given); *WHISPERING TONGUES*, by Homer Greene (a story of college life, in which two young men who had become chums at school, are estranged by whispering tongues of malice and design); *THE CAXTON CLUB*, by Amos R. Wells (a bright, wholesome story about three boys who became interested in journalism, and a girl-editor who was a person of no mean abilities); *A LITTLE DUSKY HERO*, by Harriet T. Comstock (a story of the Spanish-American war, the scene laid in Cuba, the hero a small colored boy).

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, also send out a half-dozen new volumes in their "Worth While" series of booklets, in stiff covers of white leatherette, with ornamental design in colors: *IN PERFECT PEACE*, J. R. Miller; *WAYS OF WELL DOING*, Humphrey J. Desmond; *LIGHT HO, SIR!* Frank T. Bullen; *DAILY MAXIMS FROM AMIEL'S JOURNAL*, edited by Orlene Gates; *THE CARDINAL VIRTUES*, President William De Witt Hyde; *IMMENSEE*, Theodor Storm; *IF I WERE A COLLEGE STUDENT*, President Charles F. Thwing.

## Magazines

—The December issue of *Out West* opens with the seventh paper upon "The Right Hand of the Continent," by Charles F. Lummis, the editor. This series is profusely illustrated from fine photographs, and is intensely interesting from a historical point of view. Few men are better equipped for writing a history of California than Charles Lummis. "Greek Madonna Pictures in California," by Eva V. Carlin, describes, by text and photograph, some of the old Madonnas that are found in the Greek Church, San Francisco, and the Sitka Cathedral. "Early English Voyages" to the Pacific Coast of America (second paper) occupies seven or eight pages of fine type. Stories and poems help to make an excellent number of this breezy magazine from the "land of sunshine." (*Out West*: 115 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.)

—*Donahoe's* for December has a beautiful Christmas cover in green and gold—the Wise Men bringing their gifts to the Infant Jesus. The opening article is upon "The Divinity of Christ," by Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, D. D., embellished with several illustrations. Other illustrated papers include: "Present Centre of the World's Interest—Colombia," "The Shepherd's Cloak," "The American Boy in Rome," "The Children's Day." There are several poems, also, and stories, and chat about "People in Print," accompanied by portraits. *Donahoe's* grows better steadily under its present editor. (*Donahoe's Magazine Company*: Boston.)

—The Christmas *Delineator* is a very attractive number, with a special cover design in colors. The colored and tinted full page fashion plates give the correct and latest style in gowns, and wraps, and hats, and children's clothes. The literary features of the magazine are of a high order of merit, contributions being provided by such writers as Josephine D. Daskam, F. Hopkinson Smith, Amelia E. Barr, Frank French, Charles Battell Loomis, and many others. Needlework, house-furnishing, child training, cookery, Christmas decorations, all receive attention. (*Butterick Publishing Company*: 17 West 18th St.: New York.)

—Fourteen consecutive numbers of a first-class magazine, including an elaborate Christmas issue, sold at retail for 25 cents, a beautifully executed Art Calendar, finely lithographed on three sheets—such is the offer which *Frank*

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THIS CARD APPEARS EVERY OTHER WEEK.

*Leslie's Popular Monthly* makes to any reader of this paper who will send \$1 subscription at once. The Calendar bears on each of its three sheets a graceful figure of a college girl, dressed appropriately in the colors of one of the great colleges, the college seal and the college yell, the whole embodying the complete college idea. (Frank Leslie Publishing House: 141-147 Fifth Ave., New York.)

— The leading papers in the *Contemporary Review* for December are: "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century," by M. Paul Sabatier; "Catholicism vs. Ultramontaniam," by Voces; "Catholicism," "Thus Far," by J. A. Spender; "England, Russia and Tibet," by Alexander Ular; "The Russian Temperance Committees," by Edith Sellers; "Vivisection Experiments and the Mortality Returns," by Hon. Stephen Coleridge. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

— The *Living Age* has rendered a service to American readers by reproducing complete, in two instalments, the *Edinburgh Review's* recent elaborate article in review of the first century of its history. The article is of wide interest as a reflection of the social, literary and political conditions of the nineteenth century in England, of which the *Edinburgh Review* has been an interested observer and a pungent critic.

— Several very pertinent topics are discussed in the *North American Review* for December. Foremost among the papers is "President Roosevelt's First Year," treated by "A Progressive Republican" and "A Jeffersonian Democrat." "What shall We Do with the Tariff?" by the late Thomas B. Reed, is a discussion of that subject in its more important aspects. Mark Train writes on "Christian Science;" Cornelius Vanderbilt on "Electricity as a Motive Power on Trunk Lines;" Susan B. Anthony on "Woman's Half-Century of Evolution;" and Marriion Wilcox on "The Situation in Cuba." "President Roosevelt and the Trusts," is from the pen of Joseph S. Auerbach, and "What is Publicity?" from Prof.

Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan. (North American Review: New York.)

— The December number of the *Methodist Magazine and Review* completes its 28th year and 56th volume. Among the illustrated articles are: "Dr. Johnson Once More," by "Pastor Felix," "Village Life in France," "In Dalecarlia," "Methodism Farthest North," "Pathfinders of Empire," "The Elevator Did It, Evolution of the Sky-Scraper," and "Tennyson, the Nature Poet." Other articles include: "Earthquakes and their Causes," "The American Trek to the Northwest," and Chancellor Day's tremendous indictment of the liquor traffic. Christmas stories, poems, and pictures give a holiday flavor to this number. (William Briggs: Toronto.)

— "The Religious Efficiency of Sunday-school Reform," is the title of a very sane and timely editorial in the *Biblical World* for December. It deals with the supreme problem of increasing the efficiency of the Sunday-school as an agency for imparting a knowledge of the Bible to children and young people. The writer frankly recognizes the fear of some Sunday-school workers that "to introduce the methods of the day school in the Sunday-school would be detrimental to the work of winning converts," and undertakes to show that such apprehensions are really unfounded. The principal articles are: "The Jordan River between the Seas," Rev. J. L. Leeper; "The Composite Character of Israel," Rev. Walter M. Patton, Ph. D.; "The Testimony of John the Baptist," Prof. R. A. Falconer; "The Divine Method of Inquiry," Rev. A. T. Burbridge. (University of Chicago Press.)

— The *Missionary Review* for December, as usual, contains a choice variety of important articles pertaining to missionary work. Among the more noteworthy are: "The Story of Yucatan," Hubert W. Brown; "The Moslems in the Holy Land," Arthur J. Brown; "Protestant Missions to the Jews," Louis Meyer; "Missions in the Sunday-school," Belle M. Brain; "Two Great Missionary Meetings,"

D. L. Leonard; "Providence and Palestine," Israel Zangwill. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.)

— "America's Bid for Naval Supremacy," by Archibald S. Hurd, is the first article in the *Nineteenth Century* for December. It is followed by "The Weak Spot in the American Republic," by J. Weston. The transportation problem in the metropolis is discussed by Sidney Low in "The Tangle of London Locomotion." Sir Oliver Lodge deals with "Our Public Schools as a Public Peril," and the Duke of Northumberland with "Religion and Physical Science." Two other papers of interest are: "The Jesuits and the Law of England," by Rev. Father Gerard, S. J., and "A Possible Addition to the Dual Alliance," by Demetrius C. Boulger. (Leonard Scott Publication Co.: New York.)

— Dr. Tigert, editor of the *Methodist Review* (Church South), makes a good magazine, but the dull-looking cover in which it appears is a detriment. It looks too much like a volume of statistics, and is, therefore, more apt to repel than to attract the attention of readers. The November-December number gives the place of honor to a paper on "The Poetry of James Russell Lowell," by President Snyder, of Wofford College. Theodore W. Hunt, of Princeton, writes on "The Primary Functions of the Preacher," and Will T. Hale tells about "Early American Journalism." Other papers are: "The Maintenance of Discipline in the Church," Rev. James A. Anderson; "A Study in Democracy," Mrs. John D. Hammond; "What we Did for the Negro before the War," Fletcher Wallon. (Bigham & Smith: Nashville, Tenn.)

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### New Manual Training Building of Claflin University

PRESIDENT L. M. DUNTON.

The accompanying photograph is not very satisfactory, but is the best we could do under all the circumstances. It shows about one-third of the building, as it is built with a hollow square. The dedication took place in connection with our Annual Conference, which was held here at Orangeburg. Dr. M. C. B. Mason and Dr. W. F. McDowell made the principal addresses. Bishop Walden presided, and made a short but excellent address. Dr. W. P. Thirfield also spoke. The building was dedicated by Bishop Foss. The exercises were interspersed with music by the Claflin band and choir. The following description of the Manual Training Building appeared in the annual report of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society:

"The new manual training building at Claflin University, Orangeburg, S. C., has been practically completed, and is now being equipped with tools and machinery. The building is 204x200 feet, one story, built of brick, metal

roof, and was erected almost entirely by student labor. The rooms are large, and perfectly adapted to the various subjects to be taught. The architectural and mechanical drafting room is 26x67; carpentry room, 26x67; blacksmithing 26x67; house and carriage painting, 26x67; planing and sawing, 34x39; machine shop, 26x84; turning and scroll-sawing, 26x40; wheelwrighting, 26x38; masonry, 26x38. In the centre there is an open lumber court, 33x94. The boiler and engine rooms are an annex in the rear, 30x34. There are also supply, tool, and material rooms and office. The furnishings consist of twelve double sloyd benches with complete sets of tools, tailoring outfit, fifteen turning lathes, planer and matcher, band, jig, and scroll saws, universal wood-worker, shaper, curver, mortiser, and some minor machines. Power consists of one new 80-horse power boiler and high-grade engine. There is a fair equipment of tools and forges for iron work, but the necessary machinery is yet to be secured. The printing office has two excellent presses and a good supply of type."

We now have one of the three largest and best-equipped manual training buildings in the South for the education of colored youth.

Orangeburg, S. C.

### Re-opening of Minot Corner (Me.) Church

Our church edifice at Minot Corner has been repaired and beautified, and is now one of the finest on the district. The membership here is so limited, the work at first contemplated so small, the extent to which it grew so great, and the sources from which help came so unexpected, that it seems to be a case of special interest, and will, we think, encourage other weak and halting societies.

The first plan was to shingle, and after this was done it was thought best to paint the exterior; then the interest grew, and the people concluded that it must be frescoed. This was done in fine style. Then the old choir gallery in the rear of the church was removed, and the pulpit platform extended to the side of the church for the accommodation of the choir; new stained glass windows of a beautiful pattern were put in; a new altar rail was provided, and a beautiful new carpet put upon the floor; a new chandelier was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and new reflectors placed on the walls. Mrs. W. W. Dennen has been the moving spirit in this splendid undertaking, and Mr. Dennen, who is superintendent of the National Fibre Board Co., has put in time and money; and two members of the firm, though not Methodists, have each contributed \$25. Miss Lois E. Jones, of North Auburn, a former school-teacher here, and now a student at Wellesley College, solicited from her college friends enough to purchase a fine pulpit set of quartered oak, consisting of six pieces, and also some new books. Mrs. Freeman Jackson arranged an entertainment, and with the proceeds purchased the chandelier and chairs for the singers. The

entire cost was \$500, and the above-mentioned Company, by the loan of lumber and the use of their teams, etc., contributed at least an additional \$50. There was a general neighborhood interest and justifiable pride in the enterprise, and neighbor vied with neighbor, as each worked and gave with a will. Money came in so freely that a dozen stalls for horses are now in process of erection. Later on the vestry under the audience-room is to be repaired. Never was the old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," better illustrated.

On the afternoon and evening of Nov. 30, the re-opening services were held. Large congregations were present. The presiding elder preached in the afternoon, and the pastor, Rev. F. C. Norcross, delivered an excellent sermon in the evening. After the afternoon sermon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Rev. J. W. Smith assisted in the afternoon services. Specially fine music was furnished by the choir and a young lady soloist from Mechanic Falls. Not a dollar was asked for, all bills being paid. It was indeed a red-letter day for this people. A. S. L.

### A New Church in Africa

The *Rhodesia Advertiser*, published at Umtali, East Africa, in its edition of October 23, gives a very interesting account of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Andrew's Methodist Episcopal Church. Additional particulars are given by the pastor, Rev. R. Wodehouse, in a letter to Bishop Hartzell. The stone was laid with Masonic honors, Oct. 19. The Masonic fraternity, accompanied by a large number of citizens, marched from the school-room of Umtali Acad-

emy, now used as a church. Appropriate addresses were made by leading citizens. The church will cost \$10,000, and when completed will be the finest church edifice in Rhodesia. The two lots, worth \$6,000, were given to Bishop Hartzell by the government, and are on the principal street of the town. The Bishop assumes \$2,500, and the remainder of \$7,500 will be provided for on the ground. Mr. Alfred Belt, a wealthy Jewish friend from London, on a visit to Umtali, saw the plans and gave \$500 for a four-faced clock to be placed in the tower. It is expected that a few friends of the late Cecil J. Rhodes will put in a memorial window to him.

This is the first Methodist Episcopal Church among European and African white people on that continent, and will be ready for dedication by Bishop Hartzell when he reaches East Africa in a few months.

A twelve hundred-pound bell is needed, also a communion service and two hundred opera chairs. If there are any friends who desire to co-operate in securing these necessary things, Bishop Hartzell will be glad to hear from them at 57 Washington Street, Chicago.

The completion of this church property, which will be worth, including the lots, at least \$16,500, marks a new and most hopeful epoch in the mission work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in East Africa. This church, with the Umtali Academy in the same town, will grow in strength and importance as the white population increases in that section of the continent, and will insure great influence and co-operation in the development of native churches and schools.

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## Zion's Herald

Founded, 1823

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### New Parsonage at East Glastonbury, Conn.

The East Glastonbury Church has had not only a very long, but a very useful, career. The first class-meeting dates back into the seven-teen hundred and nineties, and there has never been a time when the church has failed to maintain a progressive Christian warfare. Many souls have been converted at her altars, most of whom are now among the bloodwashed in heaven. But many remain to honor their call both here at home and almost everywhere abroad. These, with all former pastors, will be pleased to know that the East Glastonbury Methodist Episcopal Church is as ruggedly healthful as ever before, and is being prospered in all ways. Hardly a sacramental Sunday passes without the accession of one or more persons to church membership.

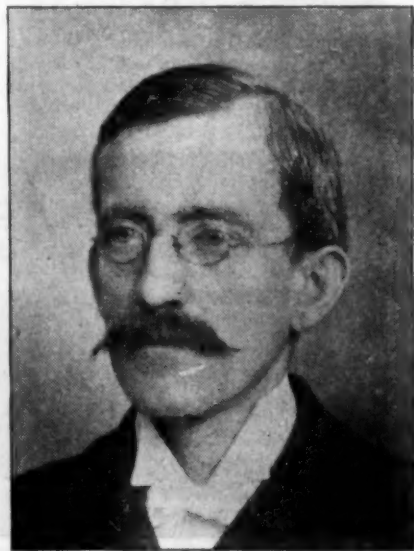
Within the past twelve months the society has enlarged the church, installed a new and beautiful pipe organ, and has just dedicated a new parsonage, which contains ten finished rooms, besides a good bath-room and pantry. The lower story is finished with ash rubbed down to a smooth dull surface, affording a very rich effect. The two parlors and dining-room are in a row, connected by sliding doors. The front hall and reception-room, large and very "receptive," is open to the parlor, with broad staircase running to the story above. The upper story is of white wood, in natural finish, and consists of a study, three chambers and bath-room. In the third story are two extra sleeping-rooms. The conveniences are complete and modern in all respects. Hot and cold water (an extra faucet brings the best of spring water into the kitchen sink) is provided in the bath-room, kitchen, and basement laundry, where there are set-tubs, etc. The house is pronounced a gem in all respects, and could not be surpassed in point of convenience. The total cost was about \$2,250, all of which is raised and paid. The Christian spirit manifested in the same practical ways still predominates in the noble people of this charge, to whom great credit is due for the splendid achievements of the past year. Hearty thanks are extended to all outside friends who have helped in the enterprise. The pastor,

Anthony, Jacob Betts and their wives, and Rev. E. F. Smith, all former occupants of the old parsonage, and having a host of friends, held a reception for the public, and a steady stream of visitors maintained a brisk handshaking. In the vestry, where all the people had gathered after the reception, speeches were made by the former pastors already mentioned, and by Revs. W. T. Johnson, of Tolland, G. E. Camp, and the pastor, each being felicitous and warmly congratulatory. The occasion closed with singing "Blest be the tie that binds."

### Reopening at Manchester, N. H.

The beautiful Sunday morning of Nov. 16 was joyously welcomed by the members of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Manchester, N. H., because it was to witness the reopening of their church after extensive repairs, which had completely transformed it inside and out. The church building was formerly one of the city school buildings, which was bought, with two lots of land, by this new society in July, 1896. It was fixed over to serve as a house of worship, but the people felt that something else must be done to make it a suitable place for the increasing work; yet this could not be done while the heavy debt remained. Through the persistent work and untiring zeal of the pastor, Rev. C. N. Tilton, the debt was removed and the mortgages burned on April 9. After a short breathing spell the trustees took up the plan of remodeling and enlarging the church. Plans were drawn by one of the trustees, Mr. E. J. McCulloch, and work was begun about Aug. 25. The work was so well planned that services were omitted but five Sundays. The building has been entirely overhauled. Viewed from the street it has the appearance of a beautiful church (as it really is). The tower on the southeast corner adds height and furnishes entrance to the church. Passing through double doors nicely grained, one enters the vestibule, from which double swinging-doors open into the auditorium. From the vestibule stairs lead to the rooms above and to the basement below. These are made possible by the tower extension. They are finished in hard pine and the walls attractively tinted in rose shades with deep border and fresco. As you enter the auditor-

archway. This extension contains side entrance and pastor's room. The second story gives a large ladies' parlor. The auditorium is covered with a beautiful carpet in shades of green—the gift of the ladies of the society. The new pews are of plain oak, with a beautiful



REV. C. N. TILTON

end and exquisite finish. The walls are tinted in a soft shade, with deep frescoed border. The woodwork is in oak grain to harmonize with the pews. The windows are new, with a beautiful anodyne centre and colored cathedral glass border. The whole room is harmonious. It will now seat about 350. It is heated by a large new furnace in place of the old stoves. It has also been wired for electricity, but gas will be used for the present.

Upstairs the changes are not so marked as in the auditorium, yet there has been much improvement. It has all been newly painted and kalsomined. At the head of the stairs is a good-sized room which was a portion of the old hall. This is furnished with rows of coat-hooks, and will serve as cloak room and library, as it contains the cabinet in which are the books of the Sunday-school library. West of this room is a large room furnished with china closet and shelves. Immediately beyond this is the kitchen, provided with shelves, sink, gas stove, etc. Opening out of these are two large rooms connected by door and movable partitions. These rooms are used for Sunday-school work, League meetings, and week-night services, also for social gatherings. The ladies' parlor is beyond the rooms used by the primary Sunday-school. All of these rooms, with the exception of kitchen and the other room, are carpeted.

The whole building on the outside has been painted in a beautiful shade of gray, with white trimmings. Viewed as a whole, the new church is one to be proud of, and those who have worked hard to bring about this result have reason to feel gratified at their efforts. The com-



EAST GLASTONBURY PARSONAGE AND CHURCH

Rev. Francis H. Spear, has worked indefatigably to bring about this happy result.

The "house-warming" occurred Nov. 5, and will not soon be forgotten. About thirty-five pastors and their wives gathered in the new parsonage, and after a thorough inspection pronounced it a gem of perfection, some requesting the plans as being the best they had ever seen for the money expended. A sumptuous feast had been prepared in the vestry of the church, and at 1 o'clock the visitors were invited to partake. From 5 until 8 o'clock the pastor and his wife, assisted by Revs. E. M.

rium you are impressed with the increased seating capacity, and the simplicity and beauty of the whole. The partition which used to separate the hallway in the old building from the auditorium has been removed and the whole thrown into the present audience-room. The pulpit has been changed from the corner to the northern end, with the organ and choir back of it, a small curtain on brass rods separating the space. This is made possible by an extension built on the rear of the church, 14x20 feet, two stories high, connected with the main church by a beautiful

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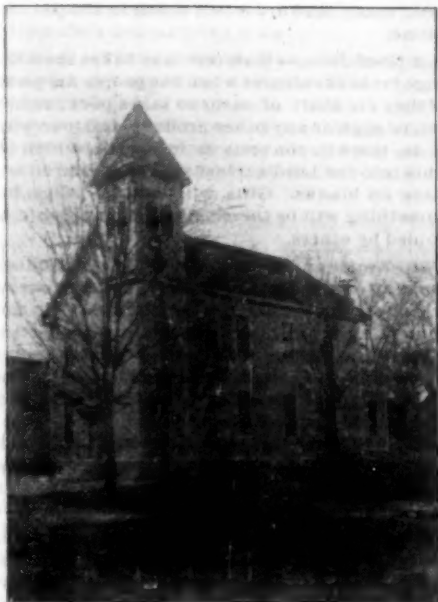
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CLERGYMAN, Zion's HERALD.



mittee who had charge were Rev. C. N. Tilton (chairman), Samuel Newton, E. J. McCulloch, Henry Law, Alexander Cochran, P. I. Hooper. Mr. McCulloch was the architect; William Henderson acted as secretary.

At the reopening the pastor was assisted by Rev. Irad Taggar. The pastor preached in the morning on, "The Temple Repaired" (2 Chron. 24:4), and in the evening upon "A Great Preacher and his Theme" (Acts 8:5). There was also special music by the choir. The pastor also managed the finances, and through his



TRINITY CHURCH, MANCHESTER, N. H.

tactful and skillful use of the benevolence chart \$500 was raised to assist in defraying the expenses.

This church and society has made a very worthy record during the few years since its organization. Its future is one of the brightest and most propitious. Rev. C. N. Tilton has worked with untiring zeal and self-sacrifice for the success of this society. He has won the respect, help and praise of the entire city by his loyal and unselfish devotion to the work. He has had the earnest co-operation of a devoted board of trustees, official board, and various other departments of the church. God grant that this society with its noble record may attain great success in signal spiritual victories!

## THE CONFERENCES

### Norwich District

*New London.*—A profitable and enjoyable group meeting of Epworth Leagues was held here, by invitation of the local chapter, on Monday, Dec. 15. Exercises were held both afternoon and evening. The district president, Rev. H. E. Murkett, presided, and also delivered a forceful and inspiring address at the evening service. In the afternoon Miss Hurlburt, of Gale's Ferry, read a very suggestive paper on the work and the possibilities of the Mercy and Help department. Rev. J. H. Newland, of Willimantic, refreshed us with an able and scholarly paper on "Sidney Lanier and his Poems," which was greatly enjoyed. Miss Kellogg, of New London, was thoroughly at home on the live subject of "Missions," and imparted some of her own enthusiasm to her audience. A bountiful spread, delightful social fellowship, and a reception to the district officers, were all enjoyable features of the occasion. The pastor, Rev. W. S. McIntire, is abundant in labors, and every department of the work has his careful and inspiring supervision. The Assyrian work is particularly promising. The pastor preaches to them through an interpreter, and at each communion service new converts from among these people are added to the church.

*Warehouse Point.*—At the November communion 5 persons were received on probation and 3 to full connection. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor held a sale of useful and fancy articles, which netted them about \$60, which they have since voted to the church for current expenses. The parsonage has

been put in repair with a view to selling it in the spring, and building a new parsonage, which has been a long-felt necessity. The pastor, Rev. N. B. Cook, reports all bills paid to date.

*Uncasville.*—The Epworth League and friends of the church have recently sent two barrels of useful articles to the Providence Deaconess Home. A well has been dug and completed on the parsonage grounds, at a cost of \$200, and the bills are all paid. For thirty-six years the pastors have been dependent upon their neighbors for drinking water. The pastor, Rev. Richard Povey, very naturally appreciates the comfort of this improvement to the parsonage property.

*Personal.*—Rev. E. W. Burch and wife, of Wapping, are bereaved in the death of Mrs. Burch's mother, Mrs. George Squires, of New London. For many months she had been a great sufferer, but was gloriously sustained by the grace that is all-sufficient. Made perfect through suffering, she has passed on to her coronation. Her funeral was held at New London, Monday, Dec. 15, her pastor, Rev. W. S. McIntire, officiating.

Rev. James Tregaskis, our Conference evangelist, is also bereaved in the death of his mother at the advanced age of 83. Her home was at Plains, Pa. Mr. Tregaskis will have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends in this affliction. He has just closed a glorious campaign at City Island, N. Y. Rev. F. P. Tower, the pastor, speaks in very high terms of the faithful and effective character of the assistance rendered by the evangelist. Mr. Tregaskis has expressed his desire and purpose to enter the pastorate again at the approaching session of Conference.

Rev. J. N. Patterson, of Mystic, reports his son as recovering rapidly from the accident by which he lost his left leg below the knee. He expects to return from the hospital about Christmas. SCRIPTUM.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

### Dover District

*Haverhill, Grace Church.*—A novel entertainment, "A Trip around the World," was given by this society, Nov. 14, afternoon and evening. The journey was from America to Japan and return, including Germany, Africa and Spain. The day was delightful. Hundreds availed themselves of this rare opportunity to visit foreign lands within the limits of their own city. A handsome sum was netted for the society, and, best of all, the bond of loving interest in the church was greatly strengthened. Three young men have recently started in the

Christian life. A young men's Glee Club has been organized, in addition to that of the young ladies. Sunday evening congregations are larger than in the morning. Finances are improving. There is a hopeful, optimistic spirit which speaks well for present conditions, and is indicative of widening influences and fairer skies.

*Haverhill, Third Church.*—The pastor, Rev. J. T. Hooper, writes: "Our benevolences show an increase of \$60 over last year." May all our churches make an advance proportionally! There is a deep spiritual interest in the church. The altar of the sanctuary is a holy place, where consecrated hearts delight to bow, where the fire of heaven comes down with melting power. Backsliders are turning back to God, and sinners are finding new life and blessing in Christ, their personal Saviour. The work of the church is to carry out Christ's mission to save men.

*Merrimacport.*—A week of special meetings, conducted by the pastor, resulted in a spiritual quickening of the members. May the joy of soul-saving be added to their crown of rejoicing.

## FAMOUS LECTURE

The people of Boston and vicinity will have opportunity to hear Dr. Frank Crane in his lecture, famous throughout the West, on "What will he Do with It?" at People's Temple, on the evening of Jan. 6.

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g! To the Sunday-school library \$30 worth of new books have been added.

**Smithtown.**—A courageous few are devoted to the interests of their church, and loyally support their pastor in his efforts to build up the work of the kingdom. How to reach the outside world and win careless souls for God, is a serious question. The gospel truth has the old-time power, and God is able to reach the hearts of men. May a stalwart faith push out Christ's laborers into the highways and hedges, and with mighty love compel the wanderers to return to the Father's house!

**Exeter.**—Revival meetings have been held for nearly four weeks, Miss Martha Curry assisting the pastor. Quite a number have started in the Christian life. For a few days Rev. William Woods was shut in from active work because of ill health, but is again at his post, pushing the battle against sin. Miss Chisholm, a deaconess from Boston, spoke in this church, Sunday morning, Dec. 7, and also the next evening. Her services were greatly enjoyed. Methodism is a live, aggressive factor in Exeter. Sixty were reported as present in class-meeting the first week in December.

**Amesbury.**—Rev. M. C. Pendexter is preaching a series of sermons on Sunday evenings. Congregation are good, and there is a deepening spiritual interest. The Sunday-school is in excellent condition. The primary department is doing finely.

**Lawrence, First Church.**—The Epworth League is a live organization. The several departments are well conducted, and are helpful to pastor and people. The finances of the church make an excellent showing. A new class has been organized in the Sabbath-school, which gladdens the heart of the superintendent, E. F. Childs. The pastor, Rev. F. C. Rogers, says, "No complaints," and the people make no "appeal" to the presiding elder for deliverance. This is the fifth year of the present pastorate.

**Lawrence, Garden St.**—Rev. James Cairns has fully recovered from his acute and severe illness, and is again at his post, taking up his regular duties. He preached morning and evening, Dec. 14. The prayers of God's people were surely answered in the wonderful recovery of Mr. Cairns. A host of friends rejoice with the family. May he be spared for many years of efficient service in the church of God! Rev. A. J. Northrop, from Boston University, rendered excellent service during the pastor's absence.

**The Jesse Lee Chair.**—No appeal to our people commends itself more generally than the call of the Bishops and presiding elders to honor the memory of Jesse Lee, the heroic founder of Methodism in New England. It is expected that every church will with enthusiasm respond to the call sent out from Boston University. Dec. 28 will be a red-letter day in all our churches. Let every preacher tell the wonderful story of a wonderful life, and point the people to the remarkable results that have followed. The founding of Methodism has not only given us a grand church, which we all love, but has radically changed the trend of religious thought and life in all other denominations.

These facts cannot be emphasized too greatly.

### BRILLIANT HOMES

The manufacturers of Liquid Veneer offer to send to every reader of ZION'S HERALD by mail, postpaid, a free sample bottle of that new invention, providing you send in your name and address at once and mention this paper. Don't send any money or stamps, as the bottle is absolutely free.

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Do not let the occasion pass unimproved. Every preacher should preach on the subject, canvass for subscriptions, and take a collection. We must all have some part in establishing the Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching in Boston University.

EMERSON.

### Concord District

**Old Conference Minutes.**—We have finally completed our file of the Minutes of the New Hampshire Conference, reaching back to 1840. A glance at them shows some names that have helped to make our history. Under Question 1, "Who are admitted on trial?" we find, in 1840, the name of Joseph Hayes, who still lives, at Salisbury, Mass. Under Question 2, "Who remain on trial?" we find, among others, the names of O. C. Baker (afterward Bishop), Rufus Tilton, C. H. Chase (who is still living), C. B. M. Woodward and Lewis Howard. In 1841 are the names of several admitted who are familiar to some of the present members of the Conference—James Pike, Henry H. Hartwell and G. W. H. Clarke. Mr. Hartwell is yet with us; the others have passed on. There are many other names, but none, probably, save the oldest members, are likely to be familiar with them. What service these men rendered in those days of pioneering! They laid well the foundations, and we are building thereon. May our work not be wood, hay, or stubble, but the material that will last forever!

**Jefferson.**—Rev. E. C. Clough is one of the busiest of men. All day Sunday and four nights a week he is on the go for services, never getting to bed before midnight. It is more than any man should be expected to do, but he does it without complaint. He is very happy with this people, and they are equally happy with him. They are earnestly looking for the revival of God's work. The Epworth League has been revived again, in charge of the pastor's wife, and starts off very hopefully. They take charge of the Sunday evening service. The day we were present was the first terribly cold day of the winter. Whew! Wasn't it cold! People need plenty of fuel and to sit close to the fire in such weather. By the time we were to start for the train again it had grown still colder, and the night was one of the wildest and most frigid we have seen in our years of travel.

**Whitefield.**—We brought up here on that bitter night. Somehow the janitor forgot to make a fire in the yestery. We started out to hunt up a quarterly conference, but they escaped somewhere, and were not found. If they had come together and the elder had failed to arrive, there probably would have been some criticism! It was too bitter a night to go far in search of lost humanity, even if they were members of a quarterly conference. So the reports of the work will be kept in soak until the fourth quarter. Rev. E. E. Reynolds and family are quite well now. They express appreciation of the great kindness of the people of the church and community in the time of their severe affliction. They could not do too much—bearing expense and burdens. Such kindness no thoughtful pastor will fail to remember.

**Personal.**—There is a peculiarly dignified bearing just now about Rev. H. E. Allen. You ought to see him! They write it now, "Grandpa." That is the cause of it. His only daughter is the mother of a brand-new boy.

**Plymouth.**—This church is working to bring up its finances. With \$208 left over from last year, and \$1,200 necessary for this year's bills, the sum seems quite large. They have been listening to a description of a well-worked weekly-offering plan, and will probably adopt it for next year.

**West Thornton.**—The pastor's wife is better, and is able to do some church work. The pastor, Rev. A. W. Frye, plans now to do more work, as he is relieved of some of his cares. Congregations are good, and the class-meetings have exhibited an excellent spirit.

**Ellsworth.**—Starting a little late, and our locomobile being slow, we did not reach here until after the congregation had departed. We notice congregations take exceptions to waiting for the elder, but are willing the elder should

wait for them—and some of them even fail to appear at all! We are glad to report this work as doing well. Rev. A. H. Drury is greatly beloved by the people, and is working hard to promote all the interests of the society. They are few in numbers, but have some aggressive spirits among them.

**West Compton.**—This is the Free Baptist Church with a Methodist pastor. They enjoy their relations very much. Rev. A. H. Drury is at home with them. They are doing all in their power to make the pastor comfortable. Much work has been done on the parsonage, and more is contemplated. Their donations have been many, and are worth much in the pastor's home.

**A Good Plan.**—How one man takes the offerings for benevolences when the people are poor: If they are short of cash, he takes pork, or butter, or eggs, or any other produce, and, carrying it to market, converts it into cash, which he puts into the Lord's treasury. That church will have no blanks. Gifts will not be large, but something will be there. Such a plan could be copied by others.

**Swiftwater and Benton.**—Rev. W. A. Hudson looks after this flock. They are scattered over a wide territory. At Benton internal (if not something more fiery) dissensions hinder the work. The best remain, and what has sifted out is light and can easily be blown about. The little company stand by the pastor faithfully and will do their best for him.

At Swiftwater they carry the work as usual, and will pay all bills. The pastor has the money in hand to pay for shingles for one side of the church.

**Landaff and Lyman.**—Our usual storm was on hand. It rained most of the way between these places. The melting snow made the traveling very bad. An open sleigh and no umbrella did not insure us against getting thoroughly wet. But that was not the first time. At Landaff we were much pleased to see the great change made since our last visit by

## Going to Bed Hungry

### It Is All Wrong and Man Is the Only Creature That Does It

The complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. There is a perpetual change of tissues in the body, sleeping or waking, and the supply of nourishment ought to be somewhat continuous, and food taken just before retiring adds more tissue than is destroyed, and increased weight and vigor is the result. Dr. W. T. Cathell says: "All animals except man eat before sleep, and there is no reason in Nature why man should form the exception to the rule."

If people who are thin, nervous and sleepless would take a light lunch of bread and milk, or oatmeal and cream, and at the same time take a safe, harmless stomach remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to aid the stomach in digesting it, the result will be a surprising increase in weight, strength, and general vigor. The only drawback has been that thin, nervous, dyspeptic people cannot digest and assimilate wholesome food at night or any other time. For such it is absolutely necessary to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they will digest the food, no matter how weak the stomach may be, nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time.

Dr. Stevenson says: "I depend almost entirely upon Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in treating indigestion, because it is not a quick nostrum, and I know just what they contain, a combination of vegetable essences, pure pepsin, and they cure Dyspepsia and stomach troubles, because they can't help but cure." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. They are in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and contain nothing but pure pepsin, vegetable essences and bismuth, scientifically compounded. Your druggist will tell you they give universal satisfaction.



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the papering of the church. It certainly looks like a new place. Now if they can get a new carpet, and have a bell for the tower, they will be more delighted than they are now. One or both of these improvements is likely.

Rev. Willis Holmes' wife has been very sick again, but is improving. He does all the work he is able to do, with the sickness he has had.

At Lyman they are behind on the claim, but will do their best to bring it up.

**Lyman.**—The reports here are encouraging. Finances are much in advance of last year. Congregations are very good. Every interest is being well looked after. The third quarterly conference, by a unanimous rising vote, asked for the return of Rev. W. C. Bartlett for the third year.

**A Serious Disaster.**—Sunday morning, Dec. 14, at 10.30 o'clock, the church at East Haverhill was discovered to be on fire. It was near the hour for the public service, and the house was being gotten ready. Probably an overheated stove-pipe, or a chimney burning out—no one knows, or ever will know, just what—was the cause. When the pastor, seeing smoke, opened the church door, he was met by smoke and flame that well-nigh overcame him. The alarm was quickly given. Many people having telephones, word was sent abroad, and soon a crowd was on hand. There being no fire apparatus, nothing could be done, and in a little while the church was burned to the ground. Not a thing could be saved. They tried hard to save the parsonage, but it was doomed, and was soon gone. Most of the furniture was saved, but much of it is in a damaged condition. By a change in the direction of the wind the house of Rev. Mellen Howard was saved. This is a hard blow to this little society, but they rejoice that they had in the National Mutual Church Insurance Company \$2,100—\$1,000 on the church, the same on the parsonage, and \$100 on the parsonage furniture. The pastor, Rev. G. M. Newhall, had \$400 on his personal effects. The presiding elder went to them as soon as he could, and they at once decided to rebuild. A committee was appointed on plans, and in a few months they hope to have a new house of worship. In the meantime services will be held in the school-house. The Pike's Station fire department came as soon as they could, and rendered valuable assistance. The annual premium to the Insurance Company had just been paid. It was due Dec. 11, was received in Chicago on the 13th, and the fire came the 14th. A close call, certainly! It should cause every church to look over their heating apparatus and see that it is perfectly safe. It ought to be a warning for every uninsured church and parsonage. B.

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

### Rockland District

**Boothbay Harbor.**—Between Friendship and Cushing on the Sunday, and Boothbay Harbor on Wednesday night, we sandwiched a business trip to one of the Kennebec towns, and, by making a night of it on the train, got to Boston for the Presiding Elders' Convention to talk over the Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching for Boston University with Dean Buell and our conferees in the joys and sorrows and ups and downs of district work. A very good condition prevails at the Harbor. A lot has been purchased for a chapel at West Harbor, which is half paid for. The whole sum will be met shortly. The deed is made out in Methodist form. The Sunday evening service at Boothbay Harbor has been changed from a preaching service to a social meeting, and promises well. Pastoral calling is well looked after. The League holds religious services.

**Southport.**—Electric lights and macadamized roads do not prevail on this island charge, but one finds fish, clams, lobsters, and large hearts in abundance, and the people are interested in their church. Rev. C. F. Butterfield is having a

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### SPECIAL OFFER.

For a short time I will mail to any reader naming this paper, one of my new improved CO-RO-NA MEDICATORS, charged with medicines for a quick home cure on 3 days' trial FREE. If it gives perfect satisfaction, send me \$1.00, (half price), if not, return it at the expired time, which will cost you only 5c. postage. Could any proposition be fairer?

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good time. Sunday-schools are improving. The primary department is doing especially well. A new heater has been obtained for the primary-room. Special primary exercises are monthly prepared. The Junior League is a success. The Juniors are engaged in collecting missionary funds. The benevolences are being cared for. Class meeting is held Sunday morning before the preaching service. The presiding elder was storm-bound an extra day and night by a furious gale and snow-storm—the introduction of winter in southern and western Maine for 1902-3. But the comfortable home and genial hospitality of Mr. A. P. Greenleaf and family made the over-stay a delight.

**East Pittston.**—We arrived at Whitefield station in a blizzard. Wasn't it cold! And the snow was driving in such savage clouds as rendered progress most difficult. Pastor Harris was to meet us. While waiting for the belated train, the horse felt moved to the shelter of his home, three miles away, and he went; and we, Harris and the presiding elder, were—left. A borrowed team brought us to our destination after a time, where we found the pastor's second horse—for he has two horses—had run away from his son, who was returning home from school. The pastor's senior heir is a school teacher. The horse was hurrying through storm and drift to the shelter of his stable when a sudden drift brought about a sudden stop for horse and sleigh; but the teacher went on with a sudden aerolite motion over the dasher, which he took with him. The horse did not await the return of his master. The teacher followed on home. Horse number one was found the next day in the shelter of a neighbor's friendly barn. We had no quarterly conference. Church affairs are advancing slowly. That church edifice ought to be completed. It would be if the pastor's spirit could be infused among his people. A little dash and courage among the people, though they be few and weak and not wealthy, would hasten the work, and the society would find a new lease of life. Brethren, why not take hold with your pastor and push that church to the finish?

**Dresden and South Dresden.**—In and out of a sleigh for five miles in cold that made zero blush, two topsy-turvy into the drifts, and we got from East Pittston to Dresden by the kindness of Rev. F. W. Brooks, who met us with his horse and sleigh. Quarterly conference reports were not without encouragement. Congregations are good. Cold and snow affect the activ-

ities of the church, but special services are being considered which doubtless will tell for a spiritual uplift. The pastor and his family are held in high esteem, and we look for a good winter at Dresden. We became snow-bound by another storm, but by it were privileged to call upon Rev. J. A. Morelen and spend a few delightful hours. It always gives us keen pleasure to meet our superannuates; their genial years, their long experience, their intelligent knowledge, and their unvarying love of their (our) church, makes an hour with them a special pleasure spot in the garden of our good things. We have but one class of superannuates among us. It is not a sour class. Beal, Fowler, Morelen, and others are members. Blessings be on these men!

**North and East Vassalboro.**—Rev. B. G. Seaboyer still feels his broken rib, but is attending to his work with characteristic energy. We give notes just as they were jotted at the third quarterly conference: Prosperity; Sunday-school average advanced from 15 to 47; pastor's Bible class, 27; congregations all good; finances in excellent condition; repairs on parsonage and church at the North, \$375—nearly all raised; new foundation under church; special meeting at East, with good results; men asking for prayers; good attendance at social services. On necessary repairs in a year and a half \$1,600 have been expended.

**Jesse Lee Chair of Preaching.**—That Presiding Elders' Convention was a good thing. The object of the meeting was good. What better than for New England Methodism to honor itself and Boston University, and its own magnificent pioneer apostle, by establishing a chair of preaching bearing his name in our pioneer institution? Let every pastor on Rockland District rally to the support of the proposition. Brethren, do not fail to prepare that sermon on Jesse Lee for the pleasure and profitable instruction of your people and in aid of the "Chair," on Dec. 28. Let us remember to make the last four days of the year a time of special lifting of our hearts to God for the outpouring of His Spirit upon the churches, and of special services for His worship and praise! It was good to meet President Warren and Dean Buell, and to hear their words of wisdom, encouragement and inspiration touching our School and our common Methodism. It was good for those nineteen presiding elders to look into each other's faces, and grasp each other's hands, and get into shoulder-touch and heart-touch with each other relative to experiences, duties, perplexities, trials, observations, joys—and some sorrows—that come to no other class of ministers. It was good that a permanent organization of the New England Presiding Elders' Association was effected, with the thought of meeting yearly for social, intellectual, presiding-elderly, and religious pleasure and profit. May great good result! The officers of the organization are: President, Rev. W. T. Ferrin, Ph. D.; secretary, Thomas F. Jones; executive committee, the

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, consumption. He knows.

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presiding elders of the Boston, New Bedford, and Dover Districts. T. F. J.

#### Bucksport District

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST: The year 1902 will soon slip from us. Have we done all we could for the cause of our Lord and Saviour this year? Shall we not put forth extra effort this month and get in line for a glorious New Year? Keep in mind that next Sunday, Dec. 7, every brother on the district will be praying for special success to attend your pulpit efforts on that day, and that our Lord and Saviour will expect you to be at your best for Him. Urge your people to join you and us all in urgent prayer for God's Holy Spirit. Write me a word, Monday, Dec. 8, noting any indications of God's blessing coming upon you, that I may have it to use later.

Showers, showers of blessing,  
Showers of blessing we need;  
Mercy-drops round us are falling,  
But for the showers we plead.

God bless you, my brother!

Sincerely,

F. L. HAYWARD.

Bucksport, Me., Dec. 1.

#### Some Responses

*Penobscot.*—Stormy day. No special features to report. Our Thanksgiving service was one of profit and blessing. Shall begin special meetings in about a week. Pray for us!—F. V. STANLEY.

*Orrington Centre.*—Stormy, but held services here and at the South. Missionary day. Miss Norma Fendrick, of the Deaconess Home, Bangor, has been greatly enjoyed lately by our people. Mr. W. Baker, a leading official, has had a shock and is still suffering. The probationers, who started last season, are doing well—attend class regularly. The Ladies' Aid Society of South Orrington held a sale and entertainment recently, realizing \$180 for church purposes.—S. O. YOUNG.

*East Machias.*—Roads drifted. Splendid meeting in the evening, but no one started for the kingdom.—S. M. BOWLES.

*Winterport.*—I am back, rested and refreshed, expecting to bring things to pass, by the blessing of God. I find the people in good cheer and greatly delighted with the service you rendered them. We are going in for strong work on all lines to the year's end.—J. W. HATCH.

*Surry.*—Very good day. Concert (missionary) in the evening. Begin special meetings soon. Glorious time at *East Blue Hill*. Thirteen went to the altar last night.—J. D. McGRAW.

*Orrington.*—I had planned to do my best, but the storm caused small congregations. I pressed the message home earnestly, and felt the Divine approval, but must leave the results with the Searcher of hearts.—W. H. POWLESAND.

*Sullivan.*—Like a burst of sunshine came your announcement that every brother on the district would be praying for my success. Hearts were touched. One woman gave her heart to God.—B. W. RUSSELL.

*Edmunds.*—A stormy day, but I believe that God was in the word to the blessing of those present; and the consciousness that all the brethren of the district were praying for God's blessing on the efforts of each, was a great help to me in the service.—O. G. BARNARD.

*Brooksville.*—I am glad to know that you are so much interested in the work under our care. Special meetings begin soon. Last Thursday evening I was permitted to hear the voice of one man who had been silent for a long time.—J. L. PINKERTON.

*Swan's Island.*—Sorry to say the day was very stormy here, but we shall try it again next Sunday. Busy with Christmas and pastoral calls. Special meetings directly after Christmas.—JOS. JACKSON.

*Pembroke.*—The Spirit led me in a wondrous

manner. Thoughts came that were new. Our evangelists (Johnson and wife) led the service in the evening. God's Spirit was truly manifest. Two middle-aged persons were saved, others are under conviction. We are looking for a great work. Pray for us.—A. B. CARTER.

*Calais, First Church.*—We endeavored to carry out the plan, and, if there were no other results, there came a blessing in the thought that so many were praying for and with us. Since you were here one young lady has been converted. Our class-meeting (B. Dightman, leader) is a great benediction. Thursday evening 31 present at class, and 47 at Epworth League meeting Tuesday evening.—M. S. BRIDGEMAN.

*Gouldsboro.*—I did my best yesterday, but it was stormy. No special features in the day to report.—WALLACE CUTLER.

*Searsport.*—Dec. 7 was a great day to me. In all the years of my ministry the blessed Holy Spirit was never more manifest. My whole being thrilled under His touch. Two said, "Pray for us." May the Holy Ghost be with you, to make you all that Jesus would have you, in this great work to which He has called you. For this I will pray.—J. H. HAMILTON.

*Calais, Knight Memorial.*—Dec. 7, 2 baptized, 2 received on probation, and 2 by letter.—NORMAN LA MARSH.

*Bucksport.*—One married man and several students of the Seminary requested prayers.—ROBERT SUTCLIFFE.

FRANK LESLIE.

#### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

*Boston Preachers' Meeting.*—The order of the day was a Christmas story by Rev. Frank C. Haddock, D. D., pastor of Boston St. Church, Lynn. It represented a scholar, an occultist, and a Christian lady, who was an invalid, engaged in conversation upon the deep things of life. It is impossible even to properly or adequately characterize this masterly production. There is literature of beauty and literature of power, but this was both. Those who heard the speaker, and followed him, were stirred in their innermost souls.

A resolution was passed asking Bishop Andrews to hold the New England Conference one week earlier, in order that the pastors may be in their own pulpits on Easter Sunday.

#### Boston District

*Boston, First Church.*—Next Sunday the pastor, Rev. Franklin Hamilton, will address the Jesse Lee Convention and mass meeting of all the Methodist churches in Worcester. Beginning with Sunday, Jan. 4, Messrs. Kerr and Johns, of Michigan, will conduct special evangelistic services for some time in First Church.

*Morgan Memorial.*—Rev. H. B. King has kindly consented to aid Rev. E. J. Helms in his arduous work by giving his services several afternoons and evenings in taking charge of the Temperance Spa and co-operative work. He will also be ready to receive invitations from pastors to address their prayer-meetings and Leagues in the interests of the work. All supplies of old clothing and other gifts can be sent direct to Rev. E. J. Helms, Morgan Memorial, Shawmut Ave., Boston.

*St. Mark's, Brookline.*—The prayer-meetings are increasing in interest and attendance, owing to the earnest co-operation of Prof. Borden P. Bowne, who attends regularly and leads or participates, to the spiritual edification of all. The church has received a handsome Christmas present of a clock for the auditorium from Mr. R. W. Husted and his sister, Mrs. Bostwick, as a memorial to their sainted father, Rev. John B. Husted. The 4.30 vesper services are well sustained and attract many strangers, especially young people.

#### Cambridge District

*Newton Centre.*—This church took its regular collection for the Preachers' Aid Society as its Christmas offering last Sunday, raising the handsome sum of \$205—the largest amount given for many years.

*Westboro.*—Matters are progressing hopefully under the energetic leadership of the pastor, Rev. W. C. Townsend. A recent fair was unusually successful, netting \$240. Part of this sum came from a church paper, edited by the pastor. Back bills have been paid up, and the indebtedness on the church property reduced \$100. Spe-

cial meetings were held for two weeks in November, at which several were converted. The attendance upon the Sunday-school is encouraging. The faithful ministry of the pastor, in the pulpit and in the homes of the people, is telling for the strengthening of the church.

*Centralville, Lowell.*—This church sustains a severe loss in the death of George H. Marston, a prominent citizen of Lowell, and president of the Board of Trade. He has been president of the board of trustees from the first, and a very generous supporter of the church, one whom the society can ill afford to lose. His funeral was held at the church on Sunday afternoon, and appropriate addresses were made by Rev. Wm. Ramsden, of Bethlehem, N. H., Rev. C. U. Dunning, of Winchester, and the pastor, Rev. F. M. Pickles. The attendance was large, and great sorrow was manifest.

#### Lynn District

*Orient Heights.*—The members of this church, numbering less than 100, are rejoicing over the phenomenal success of the recent annual church fair, held under the auspices of the Ladies' Social Union, the evenings of Dec. 3, 4, and 5, the net proceeds of which have been \$810—an advance upon last year's record and upon the records of all previous years. This result was achieved, in spite of stormy weather, through careful organization and the untiring efforts of pastor and community. About the commencement of the present Conference year the old parlor organ, which had been used for a number of years, became inadequate for the wants of the church, and a new pipe organ was advocated. This, with needed alterations and repairs on the church, showed a need of about \$1,500. This indebtedness has been heroically met, the organ is in its place, and church and community both rejoice that every dollar of this money has been obtained. This opportunity is taken to thank the many friends of the church and its pastor, Rev. C. H. Atkins, for the subscriptions they have given to this project. The average weekly subscription in this church is not over \$13, and their achievement would have been impossible but for the kindly aid which has been given. W.

*Ministers' Wives' Association.*—The Cambridge District Ministers' Wives' Association met at the home of Mrs. J. H. Mansfield, in Brookline, Wednesday, Dec. 10. The guests were made most cordially welcome, and the beautiful home afforded abundant warmth and cheer. The business meeting was somewhat informal, and was chiefly devoted to a discussion of methods by which the interest in the meetings and attendance might be increased. It is earnestly requested that if this report is read by any who are members, but have not been able to attend its meetings regularly, they will devote five minutes of their not over-plenty leisure to its consideration, and write a few lines to the president, Mrs. J. H. Mansfield, so that she may know, if possible, the general desire of the members in regard to continuing the meetings. Also if any suggestions can be made as to change of time from afternoon to forenoon, they will be gladly received and acted upon later; but it is greatly desired that those who have not been able to attend the meetings regularly, if at all, shall have opportunity to suggest methods by which the way may be made easier for them, or state any objections to the present arrangement which may occur to them. Election of officers followed this discussion, and no change was made from last year, except the substitution of the name of Mrs. J. W. Higgins for one of the program committee who had removed from the district. The lateness of the hour prevented any formal program, but a solo was most acceptably rendered by Mr. Rafter, Miss Mansfield being the accompanist, after which luncheon was served by the daughters of the hostess. The meeting was an unusually

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pleasant one, and many thanks were expressed to our genial president for her cordial welcome and kind provision for the comfort of all, and the opportunity of meeting one another.

CLARA D. WORTH, Rec. Sec.

#### Worcester and Vicinity

**Worcester.**—The program of the Twentieth Century Jubilee of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of Worcester, Sunday, Dec. 23, which is very finely gotten up, shows that the entire day is to be devoted in all the churches to praising God and recalling and rejoicing over the unutterable blessings that have come through the introduction of Methodism to New England by the brave and gallant pioneer, Rev. Jesse Lee. A great mass meeting is to be held at Grace Church at 8 o'clock, when Rev. Franklin Hamilton, of Boston, will deliver the Jesse Lee oration.

**Park Avenue** has just finished a lecture course, which netted \$40. The Sunday-school, which had outgrown the chapel, has been reorganized and graded, and has been transferred into the auditorium. Here the evangelistic spirit is active. Every Sunday night since the first of October some seeker after the Saviour has responded to the invitation. The pastor, Rev. A. C. Skinner, has been preaching a series of four sermons to young men; and the young people's class-meeting, led by Mr. Murphy, has a large attendance and is a great stimulus to the spiritual work of the church.

**Leicester.**—The quarterly meeting of the Worcester Circuit of the Epworth League was held here, and entertained by the local chapter and Rev. H. W. Hook and wife. There was an attendance of about two hundred people. The address of the evening was given by Rev. Wilbur N. Mason, on "Power." The banner for the highest per cent. of members present was won by the League of the Webster Square Church. This League had a percentage of 45 per cent. present. Miss Sarah Everett, of the Sanderson chapter in Laurel St. Church, gave an address on "Spiritual Work."

**Preachers' Meeting.**—The November meeting of the preachers of Worcester and vicinity was held with the Quinsigamond Swedish Methodist Church, Rev. L. O. Logren, pastor. The brethren enjoyed the fellowship of these good people, and the meeting served to strengthen this tie of fellowship. The following was the program: "The Christology of St. Paul," Rev. Walter Healey; review of Dr. Gordon's "The Christ of Today," Rev. W. U. Townsend; "The Class-meeting," Rev. I. A. Mesler.

**W. H. M. S.**—The Woman's Home Missionary Society of this city met with Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Fulton in the parsonage at 25 Coral St., for the November meeting. In the afternoon Mrs. H. C. Graton talked entertainingly of her trip and visit to Utah. In the evening, after the supper, there was music under charge of Miss Grace Fulton, and then Mr. A. B. F. Kinney told of his trip to Europe. The recent sale conducted by the Ladies' Social Circle was a financial and social success.

**Trinity** has been absorbed in its series of revival meetings, conducted five nights a week during November by the pastor, Rev. G. W. King, Ph. D., and his loyal people. The local paper announces that at the third quarterly conference Rev. S. M. Dick, Ph. D., was unanimously invited to become Trinity's next pastor.

**Grace Church.**—Rev. Dr. A. B. Strouse has been assisting the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. B. Brady, for three weeks of revival work. The church has been stimulated and drawn together by this work, and there were some conversions. Several have already joined the church on probation. The pastor has been giving to growing congregations a series of Sunday evening lectures, illustrated by fine stereopticon pictures, on the subject, "Christ in Art Going to the Heart." The Epworth League has kept its

fourteenth anniversary with a banquet, entertainment, and address by Rev. Walter Healey on "The Heritage of the Epworth Leaguer."

**Webster Square.**—The pastor, Rev. B. F. Kingsley, and his people, together with the neighboring Congregational church, have made a house-to-house canvass of the district, and closed up this work by two weeks of union revival work, one week in each church. The Ladies' Circle is in labors abundant and has conducted a rummage sale or Christmas sale. The debt still presses upon this people. If only there could be a united and strong pull all together, something might be done to put this church into a condition to do a much more efficient work for the city. H. H. P.

#### Springfield District

**Grace, Springfield.**—The spiritual work of this church is being well sustained, and all the organizations in the church are working harmoniously and successfully. The pastor, Rev. C. E. Spaulding, is conducting a course of inductive studies in the book of Acts on Tuesday evenings, which are profitable to Bible students. The Literary department of the Epworth League is conducting two courses of study, one in fiction and poetry, embracing nine popular works, with as many leaders; and another in the history of English literature, conducted by the pastor. The trustees are making repairs on the windows in the chapel, and will have eleven memorial windows installed before the first Sunday in January, when a special service will be held.

**Conway.**—Sunday, Nov. 30, was observed as a day for thanksgiving in a practical way. There was a deficiency of \$125 in the current expense account, so the pastor, Rev. W. J. Kelley, asked the people to contribute that amount as a special Thanksgiving offering. When the returns were summed up, it was found that the offering exceeded the amount asked for by \$50, and it is expected it will reach fully \$200. The Sunday-school is the largest for many years, and the monthly missionary collection is steadily advancing.

**Trinity, Springfield.**—Holy communion was celebrated at Trinity Church, Dec. 7, when 5 persons were received on probation, 4 into full connection from probation, and 12 by letter. In addition, 7 persons were received on probation and 3 by letter as charter members of the Liberty St. Mission, which is being conducted by Trinity. At the third quarterly conference the pastor, Rev. Eugene M. Antrim, was unanimously invited to continue his services with the church for another year. The invitation was incorporated in a most complimentary set of resolutions and sent to Mr. and Mrs. Antrim. At the same time Mr. Edward Crowley was confirmed as class-leader, and Mr. Samuel C. Edmonds as Sunday-school superintendent of the Liberty St. Mission, and the local preacher's license of Prof. Lewis McSouth was renewed. The W. H. M. S. has recently sent several barrels of clothing and useful articles to the Browning Home. Mr. Antrim is preaching, during December, a series of sermons on "Bible Tragedies," as follows: Dec. 7, "Demas, a New Testament Tragedy;" Dec. 14, "Aaron, an Old Testament Tragedy;" Dec. 21, "Judas, Earth's Greatest Tragedy;" Dec. 28, "Satan, Heaven's Greatest Tragedy." A brief after meeting, which so far has been marked with power, will be held at the close of each service. The month of January is set apart for special revival services.

**Westfield.**—The ten days' special services in which Dr. John D. Pickles was assisted by Dr. Smith were fruitful of much good. There were a few clear conversions, and the spiritual life of the church has been quickened.

**Orange.**—Rally Day was observed at this church. The pastor, Rev. James Sutherland, preached a helpful sermon to the children in the morning, and the Sunday-school hour was devoted to a special program which was both interesting and profitable. On the following Monday evening the children were given a rally social. A musical and literary program was given and light refreshments served. The Ladies' Aid Society held a successful entertainment and sale at the church vestry on a recent Wednesday afternoon and evening which netted over \$50. Tables containing food, confectionery, fancy and useful articles were tastefully arranged; and in the evening the cantata, "Strange Visitors," was finely rendered by forty persons who wore the costumes of various nations. As a part of the program twelve girls of the chorus gave a march and drill in costumes.

F. M. E.

#### For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## CHURCH REGISTER

#### HERALD CALENDAR

Norwich Dist. Min. Assn., at Jewett City, Feb. 9-10  
Augusta Dist. Conference, Monmouth, Feb. 23-24

**WESLEYAN ACADEMY REUNION** will be held at Hotel Nottingham, Huntington Avenue, Dec. 29. Reception, 5.30. Banquet, 6.30. All students ever at Wilbraham are invited to attend. Change of address of any alumni will be gratefully noted by the secretary, or contributions from those unable to attend, to whom a full account of banquet will be sent, printed in the *Garnet and Blue*, the Wesleyan Academy paper. ELSIE H. A. VIRGIN, Sec.

Dedham, Mass.

Poisons accumulate in the system when the kidneys are sluggish—blotches and bad complexion result—take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**GRAND RALLY AT KENDAL GREEN.**—The Kendal Green (Weston) Methodist Episcopal Church, having paid the last cent of indebtedness on its new church, will celebrate the event by a grand rally at said church, Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903, at 7.30 p. m. All former members and pastors are cordially invited to be present. Music, short addresses, and burning of the note will make a pleasant evening.

J. A. DAY, Pastor.

**A GREAT LECTURE.**—Rev. Frank Crane, D. D., of Union Congregational Church, Worcester, formerly of Chicago, brother of Rev. Dr. C. A. Crane, will lecture in People's Temple on the evening of Jan. 6, on "What will He Do with It?"

#### No Feature

in cow's milk for infant feeding is so important as its purity and the methods of preserving it. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is scientifically produced and prepared. It gives to coffee a delicious flavor. Sold the world over.

**WANTED.**—Four preachers at once: \$600, no parsonage, three sermons each Sabbath to different congregations. \$600, no parsonage, preaching in school-house in country every other Sunday morning. \$600, parsonage, same arrangement. \$400 and parsonage, two sermons each Sabbath to different congregations.

J. B. HINGELEY, P. E.

1028 Logan Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

**W. H. M. S.**—The board of managers of the W. H. M. S. of the New Hampshire Conference will meet at 10 a. m., Thursday, Jan. 1, 1903, in St. Paul's Church, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. F. R. HILLIARD, Sec.

**PORTLAND DISTRICT MINISTERS' WIVES' ASSOCIATION** will hold its next meeting on Monday, Jan. 5, 1903, at 11 o'clock, in the chapel of Chestnut St. Church. The topic for discussion will be, "The Minister's Wife a Factor in his Success or Failure."

Mrs. CLARA A. THORPE, Sec.

#### A Chicago Advertising Agency that Breaks all Records in its Fourth Year

The Mahin Advertising Company will occupy the entire 8th floor of the Williams Building, 200 Monroe St., Chicago, on Dec. 27—just four years to the day from the time this young agency commenced business with five persons. Now it employs 116 persons, only 13 of whom are solicitors, the rest being necessary to execute all the details of advertising in the high grade style instituted and maintained by the Mahin Advertising Company.

The new quarters give light on all four sides and are handsomely fitted. The total floor space is 12,000 square feet.

# R.I.P.A.N.S

There is scarcely any condition of ill-health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a R-I-P-A-N-S Tablet. For sale by Druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

## OBITUARIES

"No graves are there,"  
No willow weeps above the grassy bed  
Where sleeps the young, the fondly loved, the  
fair,  
The early dead.

No funeral knell  
Blends with the breeze of spring its mournful  
tone,  
Bidding henceforth the balmy breezes tell  
Of loved ones gone.

O'er the cold brow  
No bitter tears of agony are shed;  
None o'er the still, pale form, in anguish bow,  
Whence life has fled.

"No graves are there,"  
Nor sunny slope, green turf, or quiet grot.  
These sad mementos of departure bear,  
For death is not.

That fearful foe!  
Here, ever bearing from us those we love,  
Resistless as his power is owned below,  
Has none above.

No! in the tomb  
Ends his dominion; there his power is o'er,  
And they who safely tread its path of gloom  
Shall die no more!

We praise Thy name  
That from the dust and darkness of the tomb  
We can look up in faith, and humbly claim  
Our future home.

Hasten the day  
When, passing death's dark vale without a fear,  
We, as we reach that heavenly home, may say,  
"No graves are there."

— R. A. Rhea.

**Kimball.**—The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Lynn has met with another very serious loss in the death, Nov. 14, 1902, at the age of 74 years and 1 month, of Charles E. Kimball, who is the fourth to die out of the official board of this old historic church during the past two years.

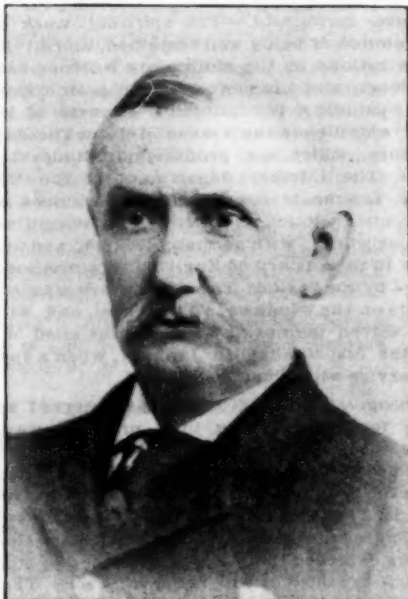
Mr. Kimball's last illness had confined him to his house only about two weeks, and on the Sunday morning before his death he was preparing for church, having said to the members of his family: "I want to go to church once more." While making his preparations, alone in his room, he was stricken with apoplexy, lingering only a few days, and going home in the glorious triumph of a strong faith.

Mr. Kimball had been prominent in many ways in public life in his own city and State. He was a strong temperance man. Born in the State of Maine, temperance principles were earnestly instilled into his life and education. When only nineteen years of age he made his first political speech as a delegate to the Republican convention of Maine. During his life in Massachusetts he has been an interested and active participant in the public affairs of the section of the State in which he has lived. For many years he was chairman of the Republican Congressional committee of the old Sixth District, and was president of the Lynn Common Council. In 1884 he declared himself a political prohibitionist, and in 1891 was the candidate for Governor of that party. He had served his party as candidate for mayor of Lynn, and also its candidate for Congress.

In his religious life, Charles E. Kimball was a marked character. In his early youth he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hallowell, Maine. On coming to Lynn he united with the First Church (Lynn Common). For thirty years he has been a member of the official board of this church, and has been active during all these years in shaping and directing its affairs. At three different periods he has been superintendent of the Sunday-school, and for the last ten years has conducted a public Bible class in the auditorium of the church, which has been largely attended. He has filled every office and place of work in the church at some time during his history, and at the time of his death was president of the trustees.

Mr. Kimball was a marked example of faithfulness in attendance upon all the services of

the church, the Sunday-school, and the prayer-meetings. He was a close Bible student, and an ardent lover of books, gathering during his life a large and choice library. A very intense man in his own Christian experience, he was at the same time very broad in his thought and spirit toward others. He was beautifully loyal to his church and pastor, and supported them to the best of his ability. He had a rare gift for public speech, and some of his addresses on political questions, at the Methodist Social Union, and the many banquets for which his presence was sought, are well remembered by those who have listened to him. He has left a clean record of faithful service rendered and work done. His life was well lived and his death a triumph of faith. The memory of this



THE LATE CHARLES E. KIMBALL

Christian disciple is a blessing to his family and an inspiration to the church and community in which he lived. The church needs young men to emulate the example of the faithful fathers who are leaving us.

R. L. GREENE.

**Jones.**—Mrs. Lovina S. (Woodard) Jones was born in Thompson, Conn., Feb. 20, 1835, and died in East Douglas, Mass., Nov. 26, 1902.

Mrs. Jones was converted when young and became a loyal and devoted member of the church. She sang in the choir for fifty years. Her place in the class and prayer-meetings will not be easy to fill. Her real goodness gave her a warm place in the hearts of all, and her home was a place of comfort for many a troubled soul. Her last words were from one of her beloved psalms so often on her lips. Her passing was like her life, calm, trustful, peaceful. At the age of twenty-two she was married to Ezra Jones, who died eleven years later. Three children were born to them, of whom Florence Lucinda died in childhood, while two sons, Walter Everett and Freddie Almon, remain.

E. D. W.

**Stanley.**—Mrs. Mary J. Stanley, widow of the late William Stanley, entered into rest, Friday morning, Dec. 12, 1902, at her home, 10 Gates St., South Boston.

She was born in Sandwich, Mass., Dec. 10, 1826, but went to South Boston in her early girlhood with her parents. She was the third child of the late Reuben and Eliza Wheeler. Her father, known to all old-time Methodists, was one of the founders of Methodism in South Boston, beginning his work in the old D St. Church, afterwards known as Centenary Methodist Church. He was a man of most godly life, revered by all who knew him, and "Father" Wheeler was a synonym for all that was saintly and lovable. He had a devoted Christian wife, and in such an atmosphere of holy piety the daughter Mary imbibed the spirit of Christian living which ever characterized her whole career. In early girlhood she accepted the God of her parents, and was led into the baptismal waters by the late Rev. Isaac Savage.

Shortly after, she was married to William Stanley, of New York, and four children were born to her. Her three little boys all died in infancy, and thus early in life the chastening

hand of God was laid upon her. Her grief over disappointed hopes in the death of her sons was increased by the long illness of her husband with consumption; and when her little daughter was but nine years of age he, too, was laid to rest. Crushed with the burden of her sorrows, her indomitable will and Christian courage sustained her, and, taking up her cross, she commenced the battle of life for herself and her fatherless little one. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, passed away, yet she kept bravely on until compelled, some seven or eight years ago, to give up the active struggle through failing health. For the past four or five years she has been a complete "shut-in," rarely getting out. Forty-five years of widowhood! Yet always ready to help some one else, her hand ever outstretched to give from her scanty means to the poor and suffering.

For the past year Mrs. Stanley had been a great sufferer, yet she never complained. Always bright, always happy, always hopeful, she shed around her an atmosphere of perpetual sunshine, and, as one of her pastors once said: "If you feel blue, go in and see Sister Stanley." And another said: "Her very presence is a benediction." Her faith in the promises of God was sublime; her surety of the beautiful heaven to which she was going was an inspiration. A life like hers has not been lived in vain, and although shut within the

## WHAT SULPHUR DOES

### For the Human Body in Health and Disease

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall. It was the universal spring and fall "blood-purifier," tonic and cure-all; and, mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide), and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate-coated pellets, and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health. Sulphur acts directly on the liver and excretory organs, and purifies and enriches the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles, and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples, and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists, and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles, and especially in all forms of skin disease, as this remedy."

At any rate, people who are tired of pills, cathartics, and so-called "blood purifiers," will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

### J. S. Waterman & Sons

#### FUNERAL UNDERTAKERS and EMBALMERS

2326 and 2328 Washington St.,

Adjoining Dudley St. Terminal.

Personal attention given to every detail. Chapel and other special rooms connected with establishment.

Telephones, Roxbury 72 and 73.



four walls of her room her influence was almost immeasurable.

Her daughter survives her -- a loyal pattern of her own Christian life; also one sister, Eunice W. Gardner, herself an invalid, the two sisters having been deprived of seeing each other for several months.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, Dec. 14, conducted by her pastor, Rev. Dr. George Skene, of St. John's Church, where she had been a faithful member for over sixty years. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

**Ray.** — Benjamin Pearl Ray was born in Brooksville, Maine, Feb. 24, 1838, and died, Dec. 2, 1902, of heart failure, the result of a paralytic shock received on Thanksgiving Day at North Foxboro, Mass.

One of seven children, this man of God was converted in 1866 at East Cambridge, under the labors of Rev. I. J. P. Collier. For years he was leader of the Trinity Praying Band. In 1876 Mr. Ray removed to Meriden, Conn., where he organized and led a praying band. He was the leader in organizing Trinity Church at Meriden. Afterwards he became assistant leader of the Troy Praying Band, under Joseph Hillman. In 1887 he removed to Winter Hill, Somerville, and united with Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church. Here again he organized and led another praying band. He devoted most of his time to Christian work, and was permitted to see thousands of souls converted in the meetings conducted by these praying bands. Ten of these converts have become clergymen. Mr. Ray was, under God, a mighty power to lead men to Jesus Christ. Clear, tender and touching in testimony, sweet and thrilling in song, earnest in personal effort, powerful in prayer, and living with God, he moved men as but few could.

Owing to his own ill health and that of his family, he moved to Foxboro last June. Soon after, his beloved daughter, Mrs. H. B. Bryant, passed away; and now Mr. Ray himself has gone to join the children in glory. A beloved wife and one daughter survive him. A delegation of five from the Broadway official board and his pastor, Rev. N. B. Fisk, attended the funeral. A prince in Israel has fallen.

N. B. F.

## EDUCATIONAL

### FISK TEACHERS' AGENCIES

Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, Minneapolis, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles. **Manual Free.** EVERETT O. FISK & Co.

### The East Greenwich Academy

East Greenwich, R. I.

This well-known school entered upon its second century of existence with the opening of the fall term this year. Exceptional advantages offered in all departments of preparatory instruction. Also in music, art, commercial and elocution.

Send for full information to the Principal, Rev. AMBRIE FIELD, East Greenwich, R. I.

### New Hampshire Conference Seminary

Tilton, N. H.

Winter term will open Dec. 30.

Few schools charging \$500 offer equal advantages. An increasing endowment makes low rates possible. Broad courses of study. Fine buildings and situation. Three hours from Boston. **\$100 Plan** for limited number. Send for catalogue (mentioning ZION'S HERALD).

GEO. L. PLIMPTON,  
President

### Lasell Seminary for Young Women

Auburndale, Mass.

(Ten miles from Boston.)

Boston standards of scholarship and conduct of life with advantages of healthful and beautiful suburban residence; rowing and skating on Charles River; outdoor games in ample, shaded grounds; best equipped gymnasium and swimming pool under careful hygienic supervision. Lectures and lessons on topics adapted to the ideal administration of homes; pupils properly chaperoned to the best Musical and Literary entertainments in Boston, and to historical places in the vicinity.

For illustrated catalogue, blank forms for application or place on waiting-list, address (mentioning this paper).

C. C. BRAGDON, Principal

## EDUCATIONAL

### WESLEYAN ACADEMY

WILBRAHAM, MASS.

The winter term will open on Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1903. Students will present themselves on Monday, the 5th.

For catalogue or information address

Rev. WILLIAM R. NEWHALL, Principal

### MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE

KENT'S HILL, MAINE.

Winter Term commences Dec. 9.

Three College Preparatory Courses. Two Seminary Courses. Music, Art, Oratory, and a Commercial Course. A Woman's College. The healthfulness of the location unsurpassed.

Expenses low.

Write for Catalogue to

WILBUR F. BERRY, President.

### EAST MAINE CONFERENCE SEMINARY

Bucksport, Me.

### A College Preparatory School

A Faculty of specially trained teachers.

Three four-year Courses — Classical, Latin-Scientific, and Scientific.

A Library of 4,000 volumes of well-selected books.

### Special Departments

Elocution and Music, both Vocal and Instrumental. The advantages offered by these departments are exceptional.

### Commercial Department

The Seminary sustains a well-organized Department of Commerce — a Business College Course (one year); a High School Course (four years).

Winter Term opens Dec. 2, 1902

For Catalogue address

S. A. Bender, B. D.

## Methodist Book Concern

New England Depository

### THE BEREAN SYSTEM International Lessons 1903

THOMAS B. NEELY, LL. D., Editor.

#### EXPERT TEACHERS

of long and successful experience in all grades, and who have tested the merits of all the Lesson Helps published in this country, uniformly use these periodicals and place them at the head of their respective classes for helpfulness to the teacher and the proper instruction of the scholar.

#### For Teachers, Pastors, Adults

#### The Sunday School Journal and Bible Students' Magazine

For the Family, the School, and the Individual.

The very best help for teachers and older scholars in the study of the lessons. A teacher who studies the lesson by the aid of the Journal will be well qualified to interest and instruct the children. Price, single copy, 60 cents a year. In clubs of six copies and upward to one address, 50 cents each.

#### For Senior Scholars

#### The Senior Berean Lesson Quarterly

It contains each quarter responsive readings, with rich spiritual thoughts from the best writers, Questions for Senior Students, and other helpful and interesting points on the lessons. Price, 20c. a year.

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#### The Berean Intermediate Lesson Quarterly

Thirty-two pages. Biggest of all quarterlies for its price. Two pages to each lesson, besides six pages of general matter. New ideas and new arrangement. Price, 1½ cents a quarter; 5½ cents a year.

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A higher class of publication. Illustrated by leading artists. Notes, questions, helpful thoughts. Attractive type and presswork. Price, 12 cents a year.

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Improved in every feature. Picture illustrations are introduced, and the matter is so arranged as to meet exactly the needs of beginners. Price, 4 cents a year.

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Just out. A new and beautiful high-class publication. Profusely illustrated. Price, 2½ cents a quarter; 9 cents a year.

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With the leaves cut for weekly distribution. Price, 4 cents a year.

#### For Primary Department

#### The Primary and Beginner's Teacher

Issued quarterly. For teachers of scholars who have not yet learned to read, as well as the older children in the Primary Department. Containing material and suggestion to help the teacher tell the story and teach the lessons in an impressive and interesting manner. Price, 10c. a quarter; 25c. a year.

#### Picture Lesson Paper

Sixteen pages. Issued monthly, but arranged for weekly distribution. It is very popular with the little ones of the Primary Department. Price, single copy, 25 cents a year; in clubs of six or over, to one address, 20 cents each.

#### The Berean Leaf Cluster

A valuable help in the teaching of the lesson. Pictures brilliantly illuminated. A splendid weekly object lesson. Issued quarterly. Price, \$3 a year.

#### The Berean Lesson Pictures

Containing a picture for every Sunday of the year. The pictures are facsimiles of those on the Leaf Cluster, so reduced in size as to be printed on cards and 2½x4 inches. Yearly subscription price, 10 cents per set.

#### For Home Department

#### The Bible Study Home Department Quarterly

This periodical also in connection with the International series of lessons enables those who cannot readily attend the Sabbath school to unite with those who do attend in the study of the Scriptures. Price, 20c. per year.

Subscriptions to any of the Sunday-school periodicals are required to expire with March, June, September or December numbers.

Specimen copies cheerfully furnished on request.

Chas. R. Magee, Manager,

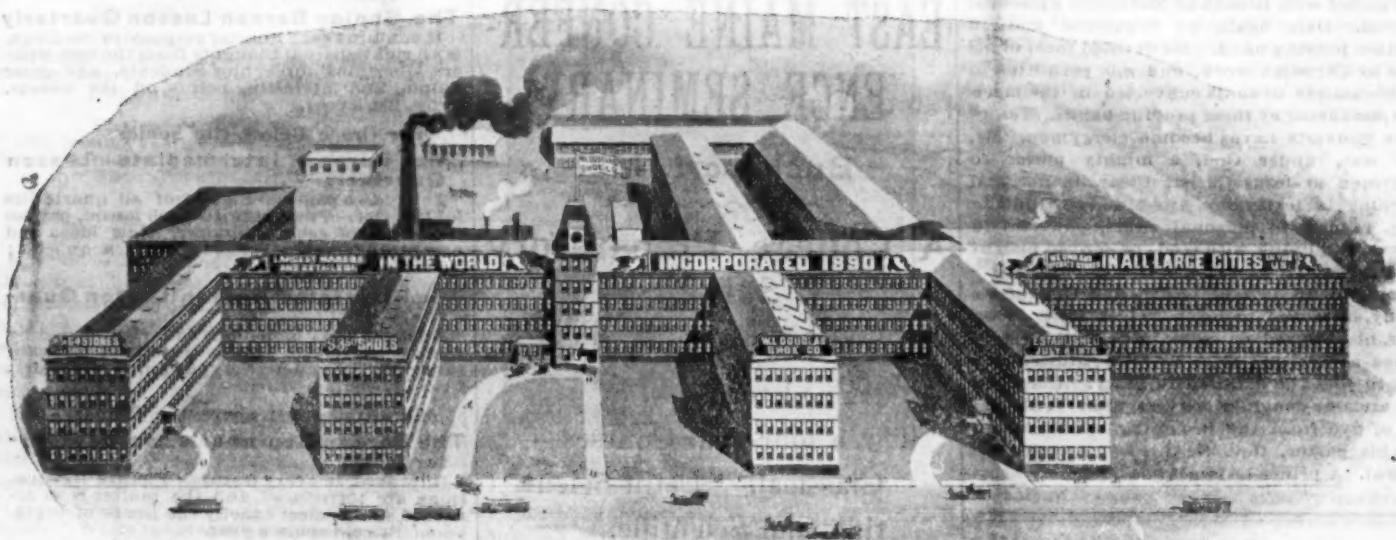
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# A SPLENDID INVESTMENT

## W. L. Douglas 7% Stock

I am able to offer conservative investors the best proposition that has been made for years. It is SEVEN PER CENT. PREFERRED STOCK in the Douglas Shoe Company of Brockton, Mass. Every one knows of the famous W. L. Douglas Shoe, and many are acquainted with one or more of the 64 Douglas shoe stores in the larger cities of the United States. The factory at Brockton is a gigantic institution whose actual tangible assets are more than the value of its preferred stock.

If you have money in the bank drawing little or no interest, here is your opportunity. For twenty-three years this business has not failed to pay more than 7 per cent. on every dollar invested. This preferred stock is as safe an investment as the bank that now holds your money, and it pays double the dividends of other investments of similar soundness.



This stock will not remain long unsold ; in fact, it is selling very fast, and promptness is therefore necessary. By filling out the attached coupon, stating the number of shares desired, and giving name and address, the Company will grant an option of thirty days, and this will give time for thorough investigation.

*The Prospectus of the Company fully explains all matters in detail.*

Address for prospectus, option certificate and full information, and send subscriptions and certified checks to

**J. LEWIS RICE,**

Sole Fiscal Agent,

Suite 73-74 International Trust Co. Bldg.,  
45 Milk St., Boston.

Money begins to draw interest the day it is received. Dividends are paid Jan. 1 and July 1. If you do not want to wait for the prospectus, send the money, and certificates of stock will be sent you by return mail.

Don't fail to mention ZION'S HERALD when replying to this advertisement.

### COUPON

J. L. RICE, Boston, Mass. :

Please send prospectus of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company and special option certificate entitling me to purchase within thirty days . . . shares of the 7 per cent. preferred stock of the company. It is understood that this request incurs no obligation on my part, unless after investigation I subscribe for the stock.

Name . . . . .

Street Address . . . . .

City or Town . . . . .

State . . . . .

### Editorial

Continued from Page 1661.

Chelsea, was the only member of the upper House to vote against the license bill when it came up for passage in that body. He has always been prominent in State politics. C. F. Ranney is a leading business man and politician of Newport. Marcellus E. Wheeler is a millionaire manufacturer and philanthropist of Rutland. Ex-Senator H. W. Walker, of Woodstock, and N. G. Williams, of Bellows Falls, are others who are active in opposition. The report in the Boston Herald, to which we

are especially indebted in making up this optimistic forecast, concludes :

"That P. W. Clement is wrong in his calculation that the Democrats will support the bill unanimously will be understood when it is known that Felix W. McGettrick of this city, the Democratic candidate for Governor this year, is strongly opposed to the bill, and is seriously considering the matter of taking the stump against acceptance."

The Burlington Free Press of Dec. 19 contains this significant editorial paragraph :

"At the meeting at the College Street Church last evening to discuss the methods to be adopted in opposing the introduction of the legalized saloon, remarks were made by the Hon. C. P.

Smith, President M. H. Buckham, Rev. G. H. Beard, Col. G. G. Benedict and Prof. L. R. Jones. The fact was developed that a strong organization was being effected and prompt measures taken to place the issue before the people. Reports from different authorities, some of whom come in contact with the people in different sections of the State, tended to show that there is a marked reaction among not a few of those who favored license until they came to see what a concrete license act involved. It was formerly the prohibitory law against the field. It is now the open saloon against the field."

These hopeful indications should nerve every foe of a legalized saloon to make the referendum vote on the license law overwhelmingly decisive.